THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL'S PERSONALITY.

Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P., Makes a Brief but Brilliant Summary of the Irish Leader's Career and Character.

He Was Not a Man of Many Ideas, or Provided With a Rich Vocabulary, but He had Tact, Courage and Patriotism.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK]

The Land League agitation was started at the psychologic moment when Mr. Parnell was dazzling Ireland by his defiance of the Imperial parliament. After much hesitation, and largely under the influence of Mr. Davitt, he threw himself into the movement; and from that time forward both he and the movement went ahead. But his election to the leadership was a surprise, and to some extent an accident. All the moderate, all the older men of the Irish party were against him; but the moderate elements kept away, and his friends had not yet made up their minds that he was ripe enough in judgment, or position, or experience for the place. It was a private caucus of some five men held before the first meeting of the party that resolved to put Mr. Parnell forward. He himself knew nothing about this meeting; for he was not in Dublin when it was held; and the information that he was to be proposed came to him for the first time as he was walking down to where the meeting was to take place. He, too, received the information with that amused and deprecatory smile which was then habitual with him; and neither assented to nor dissented from the project. It was not till the division came that the result was certain; and there were some scenes of profound though subdued drama. The faces of one or two men grew pale as they gave their votes, among them Capt. O'Shea, who, to the surprise of everybody—for he passed for a Whig—voted for the irreconcilable champion. When Mr. Parnell was elected he took the Lord Mayor's chair in the city hall; but if he felt elated he concealed it admirably.

The last time I remember the Parnell of this epoch was in the recess of 1880 It was the period when the Land League agitation was at its height, and when there was growing that fierce antagonism between the Irish party and the Gladstone ministry which was destined to become so dominant a factor afterwards of the parliament from 1880 to 1881 He worked with extraordinary energy. Week after week he went to the vast gatherings which were then meeting in all parts of Ireland. He was in splendid physical condition. He used in those early days to pass a good part of every parliamentary recess at his home in Wicklow, and to spend his time in active physical exercise. I will ever remember his appearance when I visited him in Avondale to arrange the details of a meeting at which we were both to appear. There was a period—it was before I knew him—when he used to dress with the extreme care of a young man of fashion; but in vacation times he had a style of dress that was grotesque in its unusualness. I remember to have seen him one night in a small restaurant in the Strand dressed in a short shooting jacket, with a low crowned hat and big blackthorn stick; he was for all the world like a farmer who had returned from an annual horse fair. He was similarly dressed on this occasion. I remember, too, that his head was closely cropped. He was rather bald at an early age, and this was always a matter of curiously serious concern to him. For some years he used to have his hair periodically shaved. This was, then, how he stood before me; there was not a spare ounce on the thin body, which looked thinner in the short and closely fitting coat. The face looked small, and this also, and, finally, there was the recently shaven head. Altogether, he appeared like a man who was at the end of a severe training for a prize fight. And he felt like this, too. Those were days when the grim most realities had occasionally to be at least contemplated, and Parnell had looked them straight in the face. I complimented him on his athletic appearance. "Yes," he replied, "I feel as if I could go through five years' penal servitude from old Forster." The late Mr. Forster was then chief secretary for Ireland, and five years' penal servitude was one of the possibilities of Mr. Parnell's future.

There is yet another recollection of the old Parnell. It was a year later, but he was then very much the same kind of man. We had gone through a fiercely contested election, and had been badly beaten. But he was quite cheery; and he was at that date the most delightful of traveling companions—unselfish, easy-going, easily pleased, perfect in temper I must accompany the next observation—that he was intensely interesting—by the further remark that it would be hard to say why he was interesting. He had few conversational resources; never made an observation that was especially striking; but there he sate—and you had an extraordinary sense of being intensely interested; in short, he was interesting because he was interesting. That is all you could say. We came to a hotel where the accommodation was far from good. There was no room but a double-bedded one, and that reeked with the terribly stale odor that grows from want of use, closed windows, foul air, and damp. He proceeded to take off the suspicious sheets smiling quietly, never even thinking of making a complaint; in fact, diffident, passionless, and gentle. But, even on that occasion, there was the suggestion of the other side of his character, and of the tragedies amid which he brooded, when, from his coat tail pocket, he removed a fully-loaded revolver and put it under his pillow.

I shall not discuss from the point of view of the moralist—still less from that of the harsh and narrow censor—the domestic event that made final shipwreck of his life and power; but from the hour when that came he was a changed man. He used to be the most accessible of friends. He lived in somewhat poor lodgings in Keppel street, off Russell square—he was always quite indifferent to his personal surroundings. When he was not living there he was in the house of commons, and he used often to spend an evening with his colleagues in a restaurant; most of them at the time were unmarried and strangers in London, and the restaurant had to be their social meeting ground. But from the opening of the unhappy passion of which the world has heard so much all this became changed. I sometimes think I could fix the day when he had definitely chosen to risk all. His advice was wanted on some important point. I met him close to the Westminster Palace Hotel. He was, for the first time in my experience, excited and irritable: wrote a telegram with fierce vehemence and made some strong and wholly irrelevant observations; altogether was utterly different from the equable, pleasant, easy-tempered man he had been but a few weeks before. From that time forward his relations with his colleagues became altered. It will be one of the most marvelous incidents of a career rich in marvels that he remained for ten years the leader of as compact, faithful, and loyal a party as ever existed without his address being known during these ten years to a single colleague—with, perhaps, one exception.

I do not wish to dwell on the inconveniences of such a situation. Suffice it to say that they were sore and hard to bear; and that it required all the overwhelming sense of the supreme importance of unity, of his value as a preserver of the bond of unity, and of the extraordinary and almost indescribable ascendency he exercised over men to make the situation tolerable. There came a change of temper that corresponded with this change of relations. The old self-depreciation was replaced by a haughty, silent, almost saturnine self confidence. And yet even this I must qualify by saying that such a new spirit did not really form to its full extent till two or three years ago, and that even when his self estimation became so greatly enhanced, his personal demeanor to his colleagues was always courteous, correct, and considerate. He never "fussed," never minded much what any man said or did—unless it came within the rigidly prescribed and jealously watched limits of his own authority—and at a time when he had the whole representation of Ireland to give away, he never sought to abuse his power—except in the one disastrous instance of the election of Capt. O'Shea to Galway.

The change in Mr. Parnell was as marked physically as mentally. For two or three years the lithe form became stout and unwieldy and his walk lost its elasticity; and then came another bodily transformation. Suddenly he lost flesh, became terribly thin and ghastly pale. He used to disappear for days, and then he would drag himself down to the house, sometimes with his glassy eye, his emaciated face, and his tottering walk, a picture of coming death. On one of these days there was a touching scene. He and Mr. Biggar had quarrelled fiercely over the O'Shea election, and Mr. Biggar—whose tongue was terribly loose—had said some shocking things. But when he saw Parnell on this day in one of the division lobbies, with that sad, weary, though not plaintive, look on his face, he had to rush away and burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Parnell was not a man to accept death submissively. Combative, imaginative, obstinate, he would fight for life with the same unconquerable tenacity with which he would defend anything else which he believed to be his right, and accordingly he made a desperate struggle for years against the advance of disease. He always ate rather heartily—though only twice a day; but he drank sparingly, and usually only the thinnest of claret and Rhine wine. Indeed, in many ways he was a natural ascetic. But he was told by his doctor that he ate unwisely, the wrong things at the wrong time; and he was put on a strict *regime*, which he faithfully carried out. He usually sat at the same table, and in the old days of a united party there were three or four colleagues who always shared the repast. There at a certain hour the waiters would bring in carefully toasted brown bread, a small fried sole and a bird, with a pint of Moselle wine, to which dinner he rigidly adhered.

I was not in England during the sad and painful scenes in which he began the desperate fight for the leadership. The strange and apparently unaccountable thing about it all was that Mr. Parnell insisted on ruining himself, in spite of the most extraordinary efforts to save him by some of the men who were afterwards driven into revolt. It is probably by this time forgotten that Mr. Sexton, on the part of the majority, offered to put the leadership in commission—not to appoint a successor, but to have a committee, which he himself would nominate, as a substitute, if he would go away for a short time. But the same iron will, the same unbending pride which were his strength became his weakness. It is a curious fact about the proceedings in committee room 15 that in the midst of some wild scene—after one of the fiercest outbursts—he would turn to Mr. Justin McCarthy, who was at his side, and make some grotesque and almost boyish joke about the whole business. Nor did he seem to realize the effect of his imperious attacks. A few weeks ago he dropped into Mr. McCarthy's house and spent several hours there in friendly consultation on some questions of small account as though they still remained on the same terms of friendship as in olden days and though a stern silence was maintained between him and his old colleagues as a rule, he would speak, when he felt the inclination, to one of them whom he had just denounced as a coward and a traitor as if absolutely nothing whatever had occurred. I met him accidentally and for the first time after my return from America. I shook hands with him, and asked him how he was. The reply was rather discouraging. "Oh, perfectly well; much better than you are." Those were the last words we exchanged, and we had been close friends for nearly fifteen years; but now, between him and friend or foe—if foe he has left in presence of the reconciling presence of death—there stretches the gulf of everlasting silence.

A word or two about his personal appearance. As he was, so he looked. The iron resolution, the impenetrable reserve, the frigid fanaticism were written in his lithe figure, and still more in the strange, striking, unique countenance. Before ill health lined and hollowed it his face was one of the handsomest in the house of commons The nose was long, large, straight and well chiselled. The mouth was small and well carved, but mobile, with pride, passion and scorn. The voice was clear, sure and penetrating; and when he was excited could be thrilling, so that sometimes you could imagine that it had a power to control, and even terrorize, the house of commons His forehead was beautiful, perfectly round, white and lofty. But, after all, in looking at him as in the case of every remarkable man, the eyes were the most striking feature. They were the most meaning eyes I have ever seen. They were of the hard dark sort, which you see in the red Indian; but who can describe their varying lights and expressions? Sometimes you thought they were never changed, for they certainly never revealed anything; at others they seemed to flash and burn; and they always had a strange glow in them that arrested your attention. It was this latent expression that suggested to so many people the impression that his end would be tragic. I once heard a poet declare that with such a face and air Mr. Parnell was foredoomed to the scaffold. The reality has proved almost worse than such forecasts, for he has died prematurely and sorrowfully, amid the hideous discord of faction, and where once he had stood on an eminence as unquestioned as ever a human leader enjoyed. Death will give him back some of that lordliness for which in life he fought with such tragic passion and desperation. Today and tomorrow, and for many morrows, he will again be the supreme idol in every restless Irish heart.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

THE TREATY STONE OF LIMERICK.

The "Treaty Stone" of Limerick! what memories of the past
Flash'd through my soul, when first on it mine eyes I fondly cast!
To see it proudly standing by the lordly Shannon's flood,
And think that there for centuries the gray old stone had stood!
How breathless did I listen, while my fancy heard it tell,
Of all that, erst 'mid strife and storm, the olden town befell;
Since proud Le Gros'* bold kinsman crossed the azure stream alone,
Till Chateau Renaud's† frigates weighed beside the "Treaty Stone."

The "Treaty Stone" of Limerick!—the monument unbuilt,
Of Irish might and Irish right—and Saxon shame and guilt—
That saw the Prince of Orange the siege obliged to raise,
And leave his wounded Brandenburghs to perish in the blaze,
When the storied maids and matrons rushed fearless on the foe,
At the breach where fell their kinsmen, by the side of Boisseleau:—
That saw the vet'ran conqueror of Aughrim and Athlone
Forced to comply with D Usson's terms,—the aged "Treaty Stone."

The "Treaty Stone" of Limerick!—the ancient city's pride,
That oft rang loud with clash of steel, and oft in blood was dyed;
That saw the hope of Lucan's Earl—his own unconquer'd band,—
With stern resolve, but broken hearts, around it take their stand;
That saw him sign the Treaty, and saw him sign in vain;—
For shamefully 'twas broken, ere the "Wild Geese" reach'd the main:
That witnessed their departure and heard the wild "Ochone,"
As Louis' ships dropped down the tide that washed the "Trea'y Stone."

The "Treaty Stone" of Limerick!—that oft with magic charm,
Lit up in wrath the Irish heart, and nerv'd the Irish arm!
What hewed, in scores, at Fontenoy, King George's cohorts down,
But burning thoughts of thee and home—thou treaty-riven town!
And oh! how Sarsfield's great heart throbb'd on Landen's bloody field,
That fast for thee, for Fatherland, his life-stream he could yield.
Thrice holler that the treasure robb'd by England's King from Scone,
Is the glory of old Luimeneach—the hallowed "Treaty Stone."

* Raymond Le Gros was one of the earliest of the Anglo-Norman invaders. His nephew, David Walsh, was the first to swim his horse across the river, in the attack made on Limerick by Raymond.

† The French admiral, whose squadron conveyed De Tesse, D'Usson, and near 5,000 Irish Brigadiers from Limerick.

Union Catholic Library Association.

The course of lectures in the Union Catholic Library Association rooms, No. 94 Dearborn street, will be as follows: Friday evenings, Nov. 13, 20 and 27, Miss Eliza Allen Starr. Subject: "Dante," Friday evenings, Dec. 4, 11 and 18. Miss Mary M. Meline. Subjects: "English Guilds in the Middle Ages," and "Isabella of Castile," two parts. Notice of lectures to follow the Christmas holidays will be published later, but the following distinguished speakers can be already announced: Rev. P. J. Agnew, Rev. James McGovern, D D., and Rev. T. S. Fitzgerald, rector of St. Ignatius College.

Delight Followed by Torment.

What man or woman will deny that a good dinner is a present delight? Equally undeniable is it that when a well cooked meal is succeeded by a fit of indigestion, rapture is converted into torture. Don't charge your dyspepsia to your dinner. No, my dear sir, your gastric department was out of order to begin with. Had you regulated it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the cargo that you took on board would have been comfortably stowed away without the slightest inconvenience. This incomparable stomachic entirely reforms faulty digestion, and regulates, besides, the liver and the bowels, which must act harmoniously with the digestive organs, or all three fall out of gear. Take the Bitters for kidney and rheumatic complaints, and in all cases of malaria. As a tonic, appetizer and promoter of convalescence it has no peer.

MEDITATION BESIDE A GRAVE

An Irish Scholar and Poet's View of the Present State of Ireland.

Parnell's Virtues, Faults, and Misfortunes Sketched With Trenchant Pen.

BY FIONN MAC CUMHALL.

[The following very remarkable communication is from the pen of a well known Gaelic scholar, who only began to study the ancient language and literature of Ireland some five or six years ago. He is not only a *savant*, but a poet and a patriot as well. THE CITIZEN does not agree with all his ideas, but gladly gives him space:]

PART II.

"Doba maith an mace dobi ann sin. I. Illann Fian mace Fergusa. Nirer neoh riam im sed na im timaine, ocus ni tardad tuarasdal ó righ dó, ocus nirgab sed riam acht o Fergus nama."—OIDED MAC N-UISNIG.

When the sons of Uisnech came on the safe conduct of Fergus MacRoig to Emain, at the invitation of King Conchobair, Fergus betrayed them for a banquet, and his son Buinne Borb Ruadh for the bribe of a few barren hills of territory. Illand Find, the other son, the beautiful youth who loved the heroes because they were such true lovers, was faithful unto death for them. Over his hacked and torn corpse the murderers entered the fatal house of Craobh Ruadh. Fergus eat his banquet, purchased dearly, as the words of Deirdre quoted at the head of this paper say by the blood of the sons of Uisnech, Buinne Borb Ruadh enjoyed his acres of bog and mountain, but Illann the fair was buried beside Naoise, Ainle and Ardan on the plain of Emain. He died in youth, but his memory lives for ever in tender hearts. He was a good son, as the quotation at the head of this section tells, who never served man or mortal for wages or wealth; he took no gifts from kings, but died for love of honor and truth. Not long was the prosperity of the traitors, either. Fergus repented when too late, and became an exile from, and foe to, his native Uladh, and at last met the due fate of traitors—he was slain by the King of Connacht, whose rights as a husband he invaded. Though a traitor he was a hero and was not without many heroic qualities, so history and romance record his fate; of his traitor son we know only that he was a traitor, who though he may have prolonged his worthless life for a few years, his name rots in eternal obscurity.

The history of Deirdre and the sons of Uisnech has been the history of Ireland for the last four generations. The prelates have followed the example of Fergus—for a mess of mutton they stood aloof while the heroes who loved the woful Deirdre, Ireland, her soldiers, poets and enthusiasts were being slain, banished or banned for her sake. The politicians like Boirne, the red and rough, for place and pension and the tyrant's favor sold her and the faithful brethren to their doom. They still exist while the order of Illann the fair, the poets, soldiers and youthful enthusiasts ready to give what men value most for the sake of true love and true lovers, are dead at the feet of their mistress. The disciples of Fergus and Boirne have laughed and made merry in the past that the Illanns were dead, and that Deirdre had become the contented and abject *striopach* of the murderous king. But they misjudged as their tribe always does in such cases; Deirdre sang her caoine over the graves of the heroes and soon her request was granted and her prayers fulfilled.

Adhlaicthear mise san bfeart,
Agus clochfar ann mo leacht;
Da bfeistidhmh, is de thig m'eug,
O dorinedh an moir eacht.

Bury me in their grave so lone,
Raise my monumental stone;
Guard well in constant memory,
I die for those who died for me.

Let it not be forgotten that the great Queen Maeve took vengeance for Deirdre, and that Cet Mac Magach disguised as a woman slew Conchobair with one of his own trophies of victory. So after all, Deirdre was not friendless; nor is our own Deirdre, Ireland, without friends. I see a sign on the horizon afar, and hear a noise as of harpers playing on their harps on the seashore. There are bright eyes flashing on the plains, and sweet songs heard on the hilltops. Let the prelate sit comfortable in his purple, and the politician wade through the mire in which those of his ilk love to wallow. There are poets and heroes still nourished on the breasts of the Bean Bhean Bocht. There are young hearts in school and college that need only be touched with the sacred Celtic torch, till they burst forth in a flame of native genius They will yet find out the guile of those step fosterers who shut them out from a knowledge of their own true mother, Banba. Let the step fosterers and poison nurses beware of the day when their deluded and deceived wards awake.

Some day the murky sky may roar
With thunders loud and deep,
The once dried torrent fill each shore
And headlong seaward sweep;
Some day the serf may spurn his chain
And claim a man's estate,
Some day our race with grand disdain
Despite their lords be great.

The weak and tender pigling fast
Waxeth a mighty tare,
The spark on brosnach careless cast
Consumes ten centuries work;
The Word of God of life and light
Sets the world's soul aflame,
It makes the babe a man for fight,
Makes men renounce their shame.

On Banba's hills I see a band
Of white-robed minstrels move,
I hear their voice fill all the land
With Faith, Hope, Truth and Love;
Their songs make resonant the caves,
And thrill o'er rock and wood,
Till men's souls in their body graves
Wake up, and shout 'tis good.

The young men's eyes have caught the fire,
The maids' hearts warmer beat,
The old recall the dead desire
And feel renewed its heat;
A dead land leapeth from the grave,
A soul once more it hath,
Dead men revive, and swear to save
Their land, or dare the death.

Let me, ye beautiful, be one
With you to stand and sing,
A work like yours or dared or done
Lifts slaves above a king;
To free the soul from living death,
To plant love stead of hate,
To give a dead land life and breath,
Alone of deeds is great.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

ELOQUENT APPEAL TO IRISHMEN.

Executive Officers of the National League Urge Harmony and Renewed Activity.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov 9.—Secretary Sutton, of the Irish National League of America, has issued the following address:

HEADQUARTERS IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA, OMAHA, NEB., NOV 9.—TO THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND IN AMERICA: There never was in Ireland's fateful history a gloomier period than the present. Her people are no longer drawn up in serried phalanx to encounter a common foe, but, split into rival factions and inflamed with a bitter hate, they are arrayed against each other for purposes that can only end in mutual destruction.

Those to whom we ought naturally to look for council tending to peace and unity, are foremost in prolonging this fratricidal strife, and the one time leaders of the nation, blind to the true instincts of patriotism, have no higher ambition than to denounce as traitors and drive from public life the men whom they hailed as brothers but a few short months ago.

It is truly a shameful and sorrowful spectacle. We Irish of America are, with our kindred in Ireland, co-heirs to the same legacy of duty to restore to our motherland her birthright of independence, and if they fail in that duty let us at least be faithful to the cause of Irish liberty. We have faith in the sturdy nationality of the Irish people, and when we speak of the people we do so in an American sense and beyond the artificial limits of a mere British franchise.

We believe in the manhood of Ireland, and to it we appeal to force these parliamentarians to stop their quarrels or make way for other Irishmen to whom the interests of their country are of greater moment than personal ambition or personal animosities.

In spite of our great disappointment, we of the Irish race in America should not abandon a struggle hallowed by the blood and tears of generations, ennobled by the sacrifices of men hailed as exemplars in the cause of human freedom and justified by the verdict of all men who love justice and hate iniquity.

The enemies of our race are great and powerful, and so bitter and implacable is their hate that even here in this broad and free land we are the objects of their malice. Unable to reach us with their weapons, to imprison us in their dungeons, or to starve us by their exactions, they gratify their national vindictiveness in their literature and in the press, and strive by exciting false prejudices to have us proscribed in America, as our fathers were proscribed by the laws of England.

A British statesman once boasted that not a gun could be fired in Europe without the consent of the English government. And why? Because, strong in her own splendid system of organization, England kept every European nation in a state of turmoil and disorganization through the medium of subsidized secret societies. She is playing the same game in America today, and can we possibly hope to overcome influence without organizing to counteract it?

We are today the least organized nationality in America, while we have the most to contend against. There is need of a radical change in these matters and such a change can only be brought about through the instrumentality of a great national organization such as we can make the Irish National League of America if we only are in earnest, confide in each other and respect each one's conscientious difference of opinion.

Let us, then, go to work earnestly and heed not the clamor of interested persons. Let us continue our work and our sacrifices, keeping aloof from anything tending to lead us from the straight path of duty to motherland. Let us not stop by the wayside to quarrel with our fellow countrymen who may differ in opinion from us, but go steadily forward, endeavoring to bring order out of chaos, union out of disunion, and ultimate freedom to Ireland.

Branches should be at once organized, and state executives are urged to put the good work in motion with the least possible delay. All funds should be sent to the national treasurer, Wm. Lyman, 51 East One Hundred and Twenty second street, New York, who will promptly acknowledge all remittances.

"God save Ireland."

M. V. GANNON, Pres.
WM LYMAN, Treas.
JOHN P. SUTTON, Sec.

St. Catherine's House.

St. Catherine's House, Denver, Colo., formerly the Mercy Home, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, for the protection of young girls and women of good character. Number registered during the year, 1,760. This institution affords a pleasant home for business women, also girls who are employed in stores, offices and shops during the day, and for those who are seeking employment in families, etc. The inmates will have the following advantages: Night school, lessons in music, painting and fancy needlework, plain sewing and dressmaking, also cooking and domestic economy. An employment bureau will be connected with the House.

HIBERNIANS DEPLORE PARNELL.

At the quarterly meeting of the county board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, American branch, held last Sunday, the following resolutions were adopted:

The hand of death has removed from the scenes of his long struggle for the social and political rights of his countrymen, Charles Stewart Parnell. We cannot, as representatives of a potent body of patriotic Irishmen, pass over so grave an event in silence. While we lament that the last few months of Mr. Parnell's life were clouded by strife and dissension, which time, had he been spared, would have softened or healed, we cannot be unmindful of the fact that, as the accepted leader of his people for many years, he breathed a new soul into Ireland, and led her out of the slough of provincial obscurity, into which treason and misfortune had plunged her, toward the goal of national independence. He raised the Irish tenant farmer from the position of a helpless dependent to the attitude of a free man. He elevated the Irish day laborer from the misery of serfdom to the dignity of manhood, and gave him, as well as the other classes of his countrymen, a stake in the soil of Ireland. He caused the ears of the world to open to the tale of Ireland's martyrdom, and turned the eyes of the nations full upon her long slighted cause. He was the mighty lever by which Irish public opinion raised itself to a plane with the enlightened public opinion of Europe and America, and won for Ireland the respect of all who honor perseverence in a worthy cause. He converted one of the greatest of English parties into an advocate of Irish legislative independence, and shook the influence of Dublin Castle in Irish affairs to its very foundations. He made, even more than O'Connell, the cause of Ireland world wide and world respected, and he sowed on Irish soil, and in distant lands, seeds of the immortal struggle which cannot perish until Ireland is a free and independent nation. Resolved, therefore,

That we, the board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cook county, reverently lay upon the tomb of Mr. Parnell this tribute of our gratitude for his services and regret for his untimely end.

That we hope Ireland now and in the future may have sons as true and leaders as able as was Charles Stewart Parnell, whose name deserves to rank among the proudest and bravest of the children who preferred to serve her rather than her oppressors.

That, in our opinion, the grandest monument Irishmen everywhere can erect to the memory of Mr. Parnell is to continue the good work which he so ably began, and labor to make Ireland a nation.

That we earnestly hope division and dissension may be settled above his grave, and that Irishmen the world over will unite for the honor and the welfare of the motherland—spurning faction as a demon to which Ireland owes all of her defeats and most of her misery.

That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and published in the daily press and THE CITIZEN.

MARTIN MULCAHY,
L HENELY,
M. C. LYNCH.
Committee on Resolutions.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Proprietors,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Both air and water abound in microbes, or germs of disease, ready to infect the debilitated system. To impart that strength and vigor necessary to resist the effect of these pernicious atoms, no tonic blood purifier equals Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Rev. Father Demeester, S J., who was for a number of years one of the pastors of the Holy Family church, in this city, and spiritual director of the Married Men's Sodality of that parish, will celebrate his golden jubilee at the St. Louis University next Thursday. The venerable priest is now in his 75th year.

The bazaar for the benefit of the new organ in the Holy Family church will open in the Morgan street school hall next Monday night.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The alarm brought French and Irish rushing from Collooney and from Rinn—where the officers' breakfast had been interrupted—but they were speedily arrayed in proper order, the engagement at its opening being conducted on strict skirmishing lines on both sides.

The orthodox scheme of outflanking the enemy was promptly adopted by Humbert.

"A column might cross the river at Knockbeg and march through Arcotton to Beal Ban, near the top of the mountain, then descend and take the enemy in flank," some intelligent sympathizers who know the locality informed him. At once acting on the suggestion he sent a detachment to secretly approach by a circuitous route the hill on which the right British flank rested, which was under command of Maj. Ormsby and Capt. Waller. Meanwhile the Franco Irish main body moved forward, advancing slowly in order to give the outflanking party time to act against the British centre, which was under Vereker in person, Gough commanding on his left.

Here the firing waxed hot and furious. Rapid puffs of smoke arose in lines from among the rocks and bushes, the crackling of musketry broke fiercely out in every direction, and the fallen figures in red and blue uniforms became more numerous every instant.

The French and insurgents were specially galled by the fire of Vereker's ordinance, which consisted of two light field pieces called "curricle guns." One of these, posted on a small hill to the west and commanding the whole line of road to Collooney, again and again caused destruction amid the blue-clad ranks. The gun was handled by an artilleryman named Whittiers, who seemed to bear a charmed life, all efforts of the French sharpshooters to pick him off being in vain.

"That gun must be silenced at all hazards," exclaimed Teeling as with sorrow he noticed the corpses and pools of blood on the roadway. And then with a sudden impulse the young Ulsterman performed one of the most brilliant and singular acts of heroism on record.

Drawing a pistol from his holsters and putting spurs to his horse he galloped at full speed to the mouth of the formidable cannon and shot Whittiers dead at his post, then rode back all unharmed amid a shower of bullets!

The cheer which saluted the daring deed had not died out when the tall bearskins, red worsted epaulettes, and white crossbelts of the French grenadiers of the outflanking party were seen on the height overlooking the British flank. There was a shout of triumph, a forward charge, a confused retreat, the red-coated ranks breaking up and flying in disorder. The Ballysadare road being commanded by enemies, the militia had nothing for it but cross the river, so splashing through it they went, while the bullets of their pursuers came whistling among them, laying many of them low.

The fight, after lasting about an hour and a half, was over. The fugitives, on getting clear of Union Wood, dispersed over the country, every man for himself. The victors desisted from the chase on reaching Springfield, pursuit being impracticable amid the bogs and morasses in front.

Believing that Vereker's force was the advance guard of a large army, Humbert now arrayed his men in order of battle, but being soon agreeably undeceived he gave orders for a march.

British official accounts state that the French loss in this affair was twenty eight killed and a great number wounded, not including insurgents; and that Vereker's loss was seven killed, including an ensign named Rumley, and twenty-two wounded, including the Colonel himself and three other officers; but this account, like all others of its kind with reference to the insurrection, is, of course, unreliable. Eighteen Frenchmen, who were too seriously injured to be removed, were left in the village under care of a military surgeon.

Such was the engagement known to the insurgents as the battle of Carricknagat (*Anglice*, "Rock of the Cats"), from a hill in the vicinity. Relics of the conflict remain in local nomenclature. The rising ground where Humbert arrayed his troops is called Camphill; the slope where Teeling shot Whittiers, Gunner's Bray; and some knolls are pointed out as French men's graves.

The elate corporation of Limerick passed resolutions of thanks to Vereker and his troops and struck a medal, inscribed, "To the heroes of Collooney." At all events Humbert is reported to have said that Col. Vereker was the best commander he met in Ireland. The gallant Colonel acted inpolitics up to his reputation as a chivalrous soldier. When subsequently asked by Castlereagh to vote for the infamous Union, he proudly replied, "I have defended my country with my blood; I will never betray her with my vote."

Sheathing his sword as the last redcoat disappeared in the distance, and warmly congratulating Teeling on the valiant feat he had achieved, Col. Barrett, moved towards the Protestants who had been kept under guard during the battle. He had now ample leisure, he thought, to probe that rascally plotter, Billy Moran, and obtain from his the whereabouts of Maeve O'Donnell.

Reaching the church he found the insurgent guard smoking and chatting, but their late charge had disappeared. On inquiry he learned that immediately after Humbert had ordered the release of the prisoners, Billy Moran had been liberated with the rest, and was now far away out of his power and ken!

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, for the forces of Hardy and Kilmaine! Oh, for a sight of their friendly flags, of their sustaining bayonets!"

Such was the one unanimous, all-prevailing yearning—the French soldiers' wish, the Irish insurgents' prayer—as Humbert's force resumed its northward march on the evening of the fight at Collooney. All clung tenaciously, fiercely, to the hope that the long expected reinforcements would yet make timely arrival to their relief and rescue, that the formidable main body of the, "army of liberation" would soon intervene with cannon and steel between them and the host of eager pursuers which was now endeavoring to surround and hound them to earth.

"Exactly a fortnight today since we dropped anchor off Kilcummin Head and chased the redcoats out of Killala," mused Teeling aloud, as he, Baron O'Dowda, and Patrick Barrett, rode along as usual together, "and yet no appearance of the main squadron, though it was to follow ours in a few days. Strange affair this—very strange."

"It is all the fault of this abnormally—I am tempted to say this infamously calm weather," remarked the baron *sotto voce* See—there is not even a breeze to sway our banners. Dear me, I would not be surprised if Commodore Bompart's ships were all this time lying becalmed off the western coast!"

"Which would be a regular natural phenomenon, in these latitudes," said Barrett with a laugh. "By the way, what is the destination of this mysterious Gen. Hardy?"

"Gen. Tardy, rather," growled the baron; "there seems to be the mistake of a letter in his name."

"Too severe, O'Dowda; we must not make the General responsible for the whims of winds and waves. The destination of Bompart's squadron, Col. Barrett, is, I believe, the Bay of Donegal."

"Good. The bay lies ahead of us. Let us hope that the squadron is even now heaving in sight off Killybegs. Oh for a good telescope on Knockmara or Benbulben!"

The same wistful expression appeared as if mutually reflected on the countenances of all. Parting glances were cast on the scene of the late encounter, where the green banks of the Unnsion were still dotted with dead bodies; longing ones to the front, as if in expectation of perceiving tricolor flags and blue uniforms amid the clefts and gorges of Slieve Daene (*Sliabh da en*: "the mountain of the two birds"), which now arose on the left, extending between them and Lough Gill, and swelling along in a series of strange undulations, huge petrified surges, the summits bathed in the red glow of sunset, the bases plunged in dreamy shadow.

In the hurry of the march it was found necessary to abandon the two cannon captured at Collooney; the pair of guns were lifted from off their carriages and hurled over the bridge of Ballygrania, to lie with their black muzzles choked with the mud and weeds of the mountain stream.

At nightfall a halt was made in a wild and desolate district, nigh to a place bearing the euphonious name of Ballysumaghan. Then onward again, until the scouts on the hills caught sight of beauteous Lough Gill, soon after which the Buanaid (or Bonet) river, flowing into the lake, was crossed, and the little army halted at the petty Leitrim village of Dromahaire, in the midst of rich fertile lands, beauteous with the tender mellowness of early autumn, rising here into bold heights with grand coronals of foliage glistening in the sunshine, subsiding there into soft luxuriant valleys veined with sparkling streamlets; the whole bewitching landscape being set in a circlet of blue mountains, the hoary ramparts of ancient Breffny O'Rourke. At a short distance arose the grey ruins of the Franciscan Abbey of Creevelea, a monument venerable and eloquent with memoirs of patriotic valor and noble suffering. Above the verdant lawn on which the army bivouacked towered the ivied walls and tall chimney stacks of the mansion which Villiers, the English undertaker, erected upon the ruins and spoils of the conquered O'Rourkes, and between it and the river, which gurgled in a narrow gorge below, lay what seemed a mere pile of ivy—the remains of the chief stronghold of the princes of West Breffney, whence, as is said, the unhappy Dervorgil, deserting her valiant husband, fled with the traitor King Dermod McMurrough, thus creating the bitter feud and warfare which led to the invasion of Ireland by the Normans; and where, in after years, the O'Rourkes entertained the shipwrecked Spaniards of the Armada and the valiant O'Sullivan fugitives from Berehaven.

The morning sun was still red and low, casting long shadows of men and horses and stacked arms on the smooth lawn, when a hurried council of war was held. Not many opinions and suggestions had been exchanged by Humbert and his colleagues when some French dragoons who had been reconnoitring at that early hour towards the town of Sligo, eight miles distant, were seen approaching, escorting in their midst what seemed to be one of Roden's Foxhunters.

"Sono! Val, my boy, back all right," exclaimed Counsellor McDonnell, with swift recognition, as the supposed captive dismounted, "and just in time to enlighten us, too. Well, what of our friends and enemies in Sligo?"

"Not much to tell of either, begorra," replied that enterprising scout, Val Jordan, coolly, but evidently conscious of having successfully accomplished a rather perilous mission. "All I have to say is that the town is there, just waiting on your convenience, General, if you like to take it."

"Then it is undefended?" inquired Teeling.

"Well, practically so; some soldiers are posted in the streets leading into the town, but it wouldn't take much to make them drop their muskets like hot potatoes. Just now, on account of your approach, the place is the most upset, confused, panic-stricken community I ever saw in my life. It's a fine big town, Sligo—about fourteen thousand people and a quarter million pounds' worth of property. Hang it! I'm surprised ye didn't pay the place a visit last evening; ye were as near to it in Collooney as ye are now, and all to be done was just walk in and choose your beds for the night."

"Certainly it would have made a better billet than Castlebar, and a thousand times better one than that dismal place, Ballysumaghan, where we lit our fires last night," said O Dowda.

"You forget, Baron, that our visit to such a large town as Sligo would probably result in confusion and delay, and perhaps end in our being surrounded and trapped there," said Teeling.

"What has become of the force we repulsed yesterday?" asked Humbert, when the information brought by Jordan had been explained to him.

"Fled to Ballyshannon, together with the garrison of Sligo, which was six hundred strong," replied the scout.

"Not a bit of risk, counsellor," he continued, in easy, explanatory reply to a remark of McDonnell. "The poor fellows were too terrified to suspect a gallant Orange Foxhunter, one of Jocelyn's braves, of being a croppy spy. The joking would be absurd, impossible. So I hadn't much trouble in giving a most satisfactory account of myself when I rode in there, evening before last. That done I intended to go to the theatre in Water lane to enjoy myself as a gay Foxhunter should, for Bob McKeon, or Owenson, as he calls himself, the owner of the place, is one of the best men on the stage for a rousing song and a rattling jig, besides being a Mayo man to boot, and his daughters are clever girls both; but I found that scenery, dresses, broadswords, and all the other professional belongings of this child of genius had been seized for debt by some vulgar, low souled creditor.* Times are bad in Sligo, you see, and that is the reason ——"

"Pardon me, my boy, no such thing," interrupted the counsellor, laughing; "the true reason of Owenson's collapse is our opposition. His plays, in point of fascinating the public, cannot be compared to the fine, sensational drama of which we are now the real live actors."

"Pity you couldn't spare time to give a performance in Sligo, then," said Jordan sententiously. "Finding the Thespis shut against me, I strolled about picking up odd scraps of news, and somehow managed to kill time till half past 3 yesterday, when the tidings came of the British being defeated at Collooney—news which the Sligo Orangemen refused to believe, and went near hanging the poor people who brought it, on suspicion, of course, that they were 'disaffected.' By and bye the fellows you beat at Collooney arrived, boasting with strong qualifications of oath that they had killed two hundred of the French, but at the same time admitting they had had to run for it; this caused tremendous alarm. You should see the flutter there now. A deal of people have gathered up their best valuables and gone for safety on board the the ships in the harbor. A band of Methodists and a lot of armed Orangemen, headed by a preacher named Albert Blest, are marching to and fro about the town singing hymns and displaying firearms to keep up their spirits—a grand revival of the old sword and bible business—and some redcoats under a Col. Sparrow, who have remained after the general stampede, are peeping out of windows on the lookout for the dreadful enemy as nervously as mice out of their holes."

The laugh which this description evoked subsided as Teeling briefly and rapidly interpreted the scout's news for the commander in chief, who in return expressed his desire of pushing on with least delay towards Manorhamilton. Amid the fastnesses of the Leitrim mountains, he still opined, they would be able to defend themselves and baffle the enemy until the arrival of Hardy's much wished for division.

But now there arrived in camp some exciting news, which suddenly gave the ideas of the war council a new turn and direction. Longford and Westmeath had arisen! The flag of insurrection had been raised at Granard, in the former county, while in Rathconrath, in the latter, some thousands of the peasantry had "taken the field" with such rude arms as they possessed.

* Robert Owenson, an actor, was the father of the celebrated writer, Sydney, Lady Morgan. His theatre in Sligo was seized in August, 1798, by the landlord for rent due. The property was afterwards released and the debt settled by an eminent Sligo merchant—namely, Mr. Ignatius Everard, father of the distinguished barrister, Richard Everard, facetiously known as "Dicky Demurrer."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Buachaillín Graimeir na Gaedhilge.

Cá bh-fuil buachaillín graiméir na Gaedhilge?
Cá bh-fuil an leabhar do gheall sé do sgriobh'
Air mhodh "Berlitz," an oide Gearmánaigh
Nar fhoghluim ár d-teanga a riamh?

Cá bh-fuil an t-airgead tugadh le daoinibh
Do ghrádhuigh sean teanga a d-tír'
Chum an leabhair do chur in ár lámhaibh,
'S chum na Gaedhilge do shocrugh' go siar?

'S cá bh-fuil an misbona "Mac-Alla"
Ann ar sgriobhadh beagán de'n tracht
Leis an oide sin foghlumtha fearamhuil,
Thuigeas caint chóir na h-Eireann go beacht?

Bh-fuil sé beo fós air dhruim glas-na taimhan,
A g-carcar, teach-osda no gleann?
Oir tá mórán ag fanamhuin go foighdeach
Chum a mallacht do chur air a cheann,

Oir measaid nach ann acht fear diomhaoin
Nar mhian do chur graiméir a g-elódh,
'S gurb' fheárr leis a phóca do líonadh
'Na do choimeud na bíun Gaedhilge beo.

Measaid mórán gur leisean do thugadh
Mifhórtun air theangain na nGaedheal,
Oir líon far na milte de dhéi-dean
Air a cúis, ebó fhad maireas an saoghal,

'Nuair chidhfid gach duine gan foghluim,
Gan croidhe, a's gan aon smuaineadh fíor,
"Ag eirghe na gaolthe" le Gaedhilig,
A's c'a cur a mimheas ins an tír.

Guidhim anois air "an m-buachaill"
A íuntinn do labhairt ós árd,
A's d'íunsinn dúinn cá bh-fuil an graimeur
Do sgriobh sé. de theangain na m-bárd.

Is dóigh liom go ngiacfar mo chómhairle
Leis an fear sc, go cíuin a's go luath,
'S nach faufaidh go d-tí lá an mbáraigh,
Acht a fhaoisidin dheunamh an diu.

Má fuair sé aon airgead ó dhaoinibh
Air son graiméir na Gaedhilge tá bian,
E do thabhairt air ais dóibh go tapaidhe,
Agus aithrighe do dheunamh mar sin.

Muna n-deunann sé so, beidh mallacht
Na fíor Eireannach leis go deo;—
Tá 'nois aige píos de m' íuntiun,
'S a! labhairfidh mé focal níos mó.

O'G.

In Luck Certain.

After trying to sell books, pictures and wringers, and nearly every contrivance imaginable, I became discouraged and thought there was no chance for a poor man to earn a living. There was nothing to do on the farm, and I could not get a job in town, when I happened to see how a teacher made money selling platers and thought I would try my luck. I bought a $5 Lightning Plater from R. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio and from that day my luck seemed to change. I carried the plater from house to house and plated knives, forks and spoons, right before the folks, and it is surprising how many want their things plated. I made $3 70 the first day, and in one week $28. I can plate with nickel, silver and gold. The work is fine, my customers are pleased and I am happy. I hope some other fellow, who is down on his luck, will see this and do as I have done and get up in the world.

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The St. Cecelia Society of the Sacred Heart parish will shortly give an entertainment in St. Stanislaus' Hall on Eighteenth street.

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The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

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A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 25.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and tryiog chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Mills and Springer Disagree on the Tariff.

THE STATED VIEWS OF BOTH MEN.

A Tariff Bill Which Presents the Democratic Principle of a Tariff for Revenue Favored by the Texan—Mr. Springer, on the Other Hand, Would Extend the Free List to Articles of Prime Necessity to the People.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—"It is the duty of the Democratic party," said Mr. Mills Tuesday, "to go before the people in the next presidential election with a tariff bill which shall present the Democratic principle of a tariff for revenue. We have convinced the country that the McKinley act is wrong in principle and wrong in details and we cannot sit down and content ourselves with a mere disapproval and offer nothing in its place. There is nothing like treating the people with perfect frankness and honesty. We can't fool the people. If we are to win their confidence we must show our hands. We must show that the Democratic party is not afraid to prepare a tariff bill. The present tariff is an abomination, and we must do our best to revise it without delay.

R. Q. MILLS.

Must Enlarge the Free List.

"The ways and means committee of the next house should, in my opinion, prepare a measure on which we can go before the country and say: 'This is Democratic doctrine. This is a Democratic tariff bill. Compare it with the McKinley or Republican bill and see which is best for the people.' We must enlarge the free list, giving New England free raw materials, take off all the wool duties, leave sugar free and knock out the bounty and practice what we preach all along the line. The only great issue in this country is the tariff issue, and we should be eager to meet it frankly and honestly. Some say there is no use in preparing a general tariff bill because the Republican president will not permit it to become a law. I have noticed in this world that the man who does not fail to do right because some one else threatens to do wrong is the man who lasts the longest and does the most good. If the Republicans want to take the responsibility of defeating our bill and thus join the issue, let them do it. Then we shall be ready to appeal to the people."

Mr. Springer's Views.

Mr. Springer's belief is that the preparation of a general tariff bill would be bad party policy, because it could not result in legislation, and because it would expose the party to the attack on numerous details, which would neutralize all the advantage gained on the strong points. He believes that free wool, repeal of the compensatory duties on woolen goods, free cotton ties, free binding twine, free dye stuffs and free lumber are trumps in the hand of the Democratic party, which it should play as quickly and as advantageously as possible, holding the more doubtful cards till after the presidential election. He points out the impossibility of preparing a satisfactory general revision of the tariff in the first session without sitting till late in the summer, when the presidential and congressional elections are on, and suggests that while the New England Republican members, whose constituents favor free raw materials, and the western Republicans, whose constituents want free binding twine, cheaper clothing, cheaper lumber and lower duties on other necessities and staples, could find excuses to vote against a general bill because of the multiplicity of interests involved, they could find no excuse to vote against these reforms presented singly in special measures.

W. M. SPRINGER.

Revision of the Tariff.

Mr. Springer expressed his views as follows: "I cannot speak for the Democratic majority in the house, but I have a well-defined opinion of my own on the subject. In the first place, I am in favor of obtaining the information necessary to a thorough revision of the tariff. This can be done through the committee on manufactures, which should be increased to fifteen members, and divided into five sub-committees. Each of these should take a particular branch of industry and inquire into all its conditions and wants. The committee on ways and means should be appointed early and at once begin such general investigations as would be necessary to a revision of the tariff. In the meantime separate bills, embracing one subject only, should be reported to the house at the very earliest day practicable. If some of them could be reported before the holidays it would be advisable to do so. These separate bills should in the aggregate embrace a variety of subjects, and be selected with a view to the possibility of their passing the senate and receiving executive favor.

Lumber and Salt on the Free List.

"For instance, binding twine should be put upon the free list and cotton ties and wool should also be placed on the free list, and the compensatory duties on woolen goods should be repealed. A measure of this kind would receive great attention throughout the country, and great pressure would be brought upon Republican senators to favor its passage in their body. If this could be secured I think it doubtful whether any president would take the responsibility of interposing his veto. I would also suggest the passage of bills placing lumber and salt upon the free list and several other articles of prime necessity to the people. The benefits of protection are confined to a very few persons. The tariff upon some article is so high as to be prohibitory. In such cases articles so burdened should be relieved of at least a portion of this prohibitory tax, and especially where the production of the article is controlled by a trust or combine. The particular measures to be brought forward in this way should in every case be selected by the committee on ways and means, and this committee should therefore be organized with great care.

Collection of Necessary Facts.

"The consideration of these bills and the necessary appropriation bills will occupy the time of the house from the beginning of the session to the day of adjournment, which it is hoped would be at as early a day as possible, no later than the middle of June. In the meantime all the facts necessary for a thorough revision of the tariff could be collected and the work so far advanced that a comprehensive measure could be reported at the beginning of the next session. If at the presidential election of 1892 the Democratic party should succeed in electing a president and both branches of congress the general tariff bill thus prepared could be pressed for consideration during the short session. I would also suggest in the event of Democratic success in the president and congressional elections the immediate calling of congress together on the 4th of March, 1893, when the bill could be taken to the senate and become the law of the land."

DAMAGED BY DYNAMITE.

Buildings at Hayward, Wis., Shattered by an Explosion.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 10.—A special telegram to The Evening Dispatch says: The town of Hayward was damaged at 12:30 Tuesday morning by the explosion of a large amount of dynamite. The warehouse of the North Wisconsin Lumber company caught fire and before it could be suppressed the flames spread to the explosives which was stored there and the explosion followed. The buildings in the immediate neighborhood were badly shattered, one man was killed outright and many people injured. The large hospital directly across the track and also the hotel on the opposite corner were badly shattered. Several guests in the hotel were wounded by the falling glass and timbers. A caboose of a freight train standing on the side track was blown to fragments.

Four Persons Dying.

Three men and a boy lie dying. Three men are seriously injured and many others are suffering from painful wounds as a result of explosion of dynamite They are: Fred Nelson, 32 years old, an employ of the North Wisconsin Lumber company, part of scalp blown off, skull crushed and brains running out, unconscious and dying. He has a wife and two children. John LeVall, hotel proprietor, badly bruised and wounded about the body, probably fatal. Jean Davis, a boy, badly hurt, will probably die. D McWilliams, hotel proprietor, painfully injured, though not seriously. Clate Beal, seriously hurt. J. H. Wade, a traveling man, badly injured by being hit by flying timbers. The property loss will foot up $13,000. The telegraph poles were knocked down within the immediate vicinity and telegraph communication was cut off.

TO PRISON FOR LIFE.

Thomas Kelly's Punishment for Assaulting a Little Girl.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Thomas Kelly, who has been on trial for some days in Judge Adams' court for assaulting 11-year-old Gertrude Dempsey, has been found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. Kelly was a shoemaker, and had a shop in the basement of his home on Western avenue near Lake street. The girl lives with her mother, who is a washerwoman, in an adjacent house. The day of the crime the girl spent considerable time in the Kelly house and was given beer and whisky. When she became intoxicated Kelly assaulted her, his wife assisting by holding the child. The girl was then allowed to go home under threats of death if she disclosed what had happened.

Army Paymaster Robbed.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 10.—Some time on Friday night Paymaster Major C. C. Griffin was robbed at Fort Clark of $3,300. The money in sacks was placed in one of the cells of the guard house. As the doors were not tampered with it is supposed that a long pole with a hook at the end was thrust through the grated window, and one of the sacks drawn up and rifled. Two discharged soldiers who left Fort Clark for San Antonio on Sunday night were suspected of the theft and one of them, John J. Sullivan, was arrested Monday. A board of officers are investigating the case.

Editor Charged with Forgery.

ATLANTA, Nov. 10.—J. B. Craigmiles, owner and editor of the the Bryson City (N. C.) Times is in jail here charged with forgery. Sunday night he attempted to commit suicide with morphine, but prompt medical assistance saved his life. Craigmiles says a high-toned young lady, well known in Atlanta society circles, is the cause of his troubles. He denies that he is guilty of the forgery charges, but says he made an attempt on his life because the lady would not marry him.

Pleads Guilty to Burglary.

RACINE, Wis., Nov. 10.—Dr. Charles N. Palmer of Raymond, a prominent physician and influential politician six months ago, pleaded guilty in the circuit court here Monday afternoon to burglarizing the store of Lars Christiansen, the village postmaster and storekeeper at Raymond Center, on the night of Aug. 8. Judge Fish deferred passing sentence to enable the prisoner's counsel to introduce testimony with a view to lessening the severity of the sentence.

Might Have Been Rich.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Frederick Methushek, the inventor, whose piano improvements are in general use all over the world, died at his home in this city Tuesday. Although his inventions would have made him enormously rich had he patented them, he gave them to the world and died a comparatively poor man. He was born in the palace at Manheim, Germany, in 1814, and early developed great mechanical genius.

The Tom Green Estate.

BONHEM, Tex., Nov. 10.—Monday, in the county court, Sarah Adore of Washington and Jane and Mary E. Murray of Fairfax, Va., filed a petition for the partition of the famous Tom Green estate, valued at $1,000,000. They name all the heirs in the petition This suit reopens the whole case.

Serious Illness of Bishop Merrill.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Bishop Merrill of the Methodist church was taken to Wesley hospital Monday seriously ill. Fears are entertained for his life. An abscess or tumor has formed in the abdominal region, and a difficult surgical operation will be necsary to save his life.

MET DEATH IN THE PIT.

Nanticoke the Scene of Another Mine Horror.

AWFUL EFFECT OF AN EXPLOSION.

Fourteen Men Go Down a Shaft to Inspect the Workings When an Explosion Occurs, Killing Six of the Party and Seriously Injuring the Others — The Corpses Mutilated in a Terrible Manner —Two Cincinnati Firemen Killed.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 9.—Another fatal accident has been added to the long list of mine disasters in the anthracite region. Fourteen men went down No. 1 shaft of the Susquehanna Coal company at Nanticoke Sunday evening for the purpose of inspecting one of the workings. As is customary in going into a mine, a reasonable length of time after an examination, the men carried safety-lamps to guard against an explosion should they come in contact with a body of gas. As these men were going along the safety-lamp of the leader suddenly blazed up and before they could retreat it exploded. Instantly the interior of the mine was a mass of flames and the victims were enveloped. So great was the force of the explosion that they were dashed against the walls of the breasts and not only burned but some of them were mangled beyond recognition. Four men were instantly killed and two died soon after being taken out of the mine.

Knew What Had Happened.

The force of the explosion was so great that it was felt above ground, and the inhabitants of the town knew only too well what had happened. Happy families were gathered about scores of tables eating their evening meals, but in an instant the place was a scene of confusion. Hundreds of persons, including the wives and children, brothers and sisters of the men in the mine, rushed to the top of the shaft and looked down its depths, but from the blackness there came no view of their loved ones. The smell of the fatal after-damp, that found its way to the surface, only added to the fever of suspense, and all these anxious ones could do was to wait. Wives screamed and moaned and children wept piteously. The officials of the mine soon had a band of brave volunteers together, and after the engines were set in motion, these heroes entered the subterranean cavern.

Heartrending Scenes.

They groped their way through the darkness, fearful that they might be overcome by the after-damp, or that they might encounter another body of gas that might have accummulated because of a stoppage of the air current. Soon they came in upon their fellow workmen, and a horrible scene it was. One by one the unfortunate men were tenderly lifted and carried to the foot of the shaft and were hoisted to the surface. Then scenes were enacted that moved the hearts of the stoutest men—scenes that are only witnessed when the death angel stalks mercilessly in a coal mine. Ambulances were soon on hand and some of the men mere taken to their homes. Others were carried there on stretchers. Some of the corpses presented a horrible appearace, the flesh hanging by shreds to the bones and the features distorted beyond the possibility of recognition. Some of those who are still living are in not much better condition and their death is hourly expected.

The List of Victims.

The bodies have been identified as those of: William J. Williams, miner, aged 50 years, he had a wife and four children; Henry R. Jones, town clerk of Nanticoke, fire boss, aged 40 years, wife and two children; William Jonathan, aged 25 years, wife and four children; John Arnott, aged 40 years, wife and four children; Caleb Jething, aged 30 years, wife and four children; Thomas Lloyd, driver boy, aged 18 years. The critically injured are: David Powell, aged 32 years; David A. Smith, aged 27 years; Thomas Thomas, aged 19 years, stepson of Foreman David W. Evans; Howell Johanski, aged 32 years, wife and family of small children; John Maloney, 30 years, wife and three children; David R. Janes, 35 years old; J. Williams, Jr., 23 years old, son of W. J. Williams.

FATAL FIRE AT CINCINNATI.

Two of the Laddies Killed and Four Others Injured.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 9.—Two firemen were killed and four badly injured at 9:30 o'clock Monday morning by the breaking of a ladder. The picture frame establishment of Oscar Onken, 134 West Second street, caught fire in the cellar shortly after 9 o'clock, and in a very few minutes the building was enveloped in flames. An employe named Myers was in the cellar at the time. His escape was cut off, but he was finally rescued by the firemen, who carried him to a place of safety. He was badly burned about the head and upper part of the body. The two firemen who were killed are William Bocklage and Ed Anderson of the Gifts company. The injured are: Captain Hurley of the Twos, Firemen Beebe, John Conway and Jerry Doherty, all of the Gifts. It is thought all the injured will recover. The loss is about $80,000; insurance, $15,000.

Holocaust in Denver.

DENVER, Nov. 9.—Early Monday morning the Mansion livery stable on the corner of Eighteenth and Lawrence streets was partially burned. Between twenty and thirty horses were burned, and four and possibly a fifth person were burned to death. The upper part of the building was occupied by lodgers, and there were numerous narrow escapes. Loss, $20,000; insurance, $10,000.

The names of those who perished are: Thomas Power of Peoria, Ills., aged 22; Otto Helbin of St Louis, aged 30; George Richards of Lincoln, Neb., aged 30, and David Colmore, residence unknown, aged 35. It is feared that at least two more bodies are buried in the ruins.

Halford Resumes His Duties.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Mr. E. W. Halford, the president's private secretary, who has been ill for several weeks, resumed his official duties at the White House Monday morning. He is improved in health, but is still somewhat weak.

One Woman Voted.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—The election commissioners discovered Saturday that a woman cast a ballot in the Twelfth precinct of the Fourteenth ward at last Tuesday's election. The judges of election counted the ballot, and will now be asked to explain.

THE LATE ELECTION.

Result of the Political Contest in the Several States.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—Elections of more or less national interest were held in fifteen states Tuesday last. The most important were those in New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Iowa and Pennsylvania. In New York Roswell P. Flower was elected governor by a plurality of 42,000, the feature of the voting being the loss of votes by Fassett, the Republican nominee, in the state "above the Harlem." The legislature is claimed by both parties, and it will require the official count to determine just how it stands. New York City gave Flower 58,000 plurality. Two congressmen were elected—Bourke Cockran to fill the place of General Spinola, deceased, and N M. Curtis to succeed a Republican in the Twenty-second district; no gain for either party. The issues were mixed, principally, however, Tammany and the World's fair, the Republicans denouncing Tammany and the Democrats charging the Republicans with letting Chicago get the fair. National issues were not entirely neglected, however.

Results in Ohio and Iowa.

The election in Ohio was a decided victory for the Republicans, the state giving McKinley about 21,500 plurality over Campbell. The issue in the state was national almost entirely, the Republicans upholding the McKinley bill and opposing free silver. The legislature will be Republican in both branches over two-thirds.

In Iowa Governor Boies was re-elected by a plurality of a little over 7,000, by latest, non-partisan advices. The issue was principally prohibition. The legislature is Republican by eight over all in the house, one People's party man being elected, and the Democrats have twenty five in the senate to twenty-four Republicans and one Union Labor. With Governor Boies the whole Democratic state ticket was elected.

Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

In Massachusetts the issues were national, both parties opposing free silver, but differing on the protection issue. Governor Russell was re-elected by a reduced plurality—6,868 to 9,053 in 1890. He was the only Democrat elected. The legislature is overwhelmingly Republican and all the state ticket except governor.

Pennsylvania rolled up a majority of 58,000 for Gregg, the Republican candidate for state auditor. The issue was national according to the Republicans and state according to the Democrats, who made the fight on the dishonesty of Bardsley, city treasurer of Philadelphia.

Returns from Other States.

Maryland, Virginia and Mississippi all went Democratic. Maryland electing a governor by 30,000. Kansas went Republican in four-fifths of the counties, electing nine of the twelve district judges, and perhaps more, and most of the county officers. Nebraska elected Post, Rep., supreme judge by perhaps 4,000 plurality. New Jersey elected a Democratic legislature by over two-thirds. South Dakota elected Jolley, Republican, congressman, and the Fifth Michigan district did likewise, Belknap winning the fight to succeed Ford, Democrat.

Colorado went Republican, and that party also carried Detroit. Chicago and Cook county elected drainage trustees and county commissioners, the Republicans sweeping the board, except for Cooley, Dem., one of the drainage trustees, by from 2,000 to 12,000 plurality. Returns are not complete enough to give the Alliance vote, but it seems to have been surprisingly small.

AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

Mountaineers Threaten to Butcher the Convicts if Stockades Are Rebuilt.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 9.—The situation of affairs in Tennessee is becoming alarming. Suspicious communication is being held between the East Tennessee miners and the miners of Kentucky, Alabama and Virginia. The hardy mountaineers who released the convicts have sworn that the governor shall not rebuild the stockades, and that if he sends the convicts back to the mines they will be butchered in cold blood. It has been stated officially that the rebellion of the miners, so far as estimated, has damaged the commercial standing of East Tennessee to the amount of millions of dollars.

London's New Lord Mayor.

LONDON, Nov. 9.—"The lord mayor's show", the greatest of all London "shows" was spoiled Monday by a ceaseless downfall of rain; but the new lord mayor, David Evans, Esq., a Welshman, who represented the castle Baynard Ward in the board of aldermen, managed to enjoy himself considerably in spite of the weather. Lord Mayor Evans succeeds Lord Mayor Sir Joseph Savory; he was elected an alderman in 1884 and was sheriff of London in 1885.

Boston Bank Troubles.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—The run on he Five Cents Savings bank is ended. Not over twenty-five people were in the place Saturday morning withdrawing money and the withdrawals are being fully offset by the new deposits.

Thomas Dana's bail has been reduced to $40,000 from $75,000. Charles A. Browning of Boston testified that he was worth $100,000, and he was accepted as bondsman.

Footpad Given Forty Years.

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 6.—Henry Clark, the footpad who has been operating in this state for several months, was Thursday sentenced to forty years in the penitentiary. He worked in company with a young woman named Bertha Helen Forslund, who was dressed in man's clothing, and his capture was due to the accidental revelation of her sex.

Blew Open the Safe.

NEW MEMPHIS, Ills., Nov. 9.—During the big Alliance meeting Saturday night the general store of Henry J. Peters was burglarized. The store is one of the largest country stores in southern Illinois. The burglars blew open the safe, securing about $400 in money, and made away with about $500 worth of clothing and store goods.

Found Dead in His Office.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—George H. Bowyer, the well known "If-not-why-not" advertising man, was found dead in his office, 155 Washington street, between 8 and 9 o'clock. Death was caused by asphyxiation from escaping gas. All the circumstances of the case so far brought out point plainly to suicide

Halford Resumes His Duties.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Private Secretary Halford resumed his duties at the executive mansion yesterday. He has completely recovered from his late illness.

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Happenings of a Week Given in Condensed Form.

There is said to be an increased demand in English markets for American flour and spring wheat.

It is estimated that there are 5,241,500 bushels of wheat in the elevators of Minneapolis and the two Dakotas.

Workmen while engaged at Marseilles, Ills., in excavating found four feet below the surface what appears to be a prehistoric roadway, paved with stone, fourteen feet wide.

Philip Kreigbaum, an agricultural implement dealer at Huntington, Ind., was thrown from his buggy and received fatal injuries.

Thomas Flynn of Milwaukee swallowed his false teeth while eating supper and choked to death.

In an exhibition billiard game at Madison, Wis., Ives defeated Schaefer, the score standing 800 to 191.

While Henry Kramer of Ashley, Ills., was handling a revolver it exploded and the bullet entered his breast close to the heart. There is a chance for his recovery.

Mrs. Henderson, as a result of despondency over sickness, cut her throat with a razor at the residence of P. McDermid, Fontanelle, Ia., a member of the last legislature.

William Crook, who was employed on the farm of James Lewis, near Aurora, Ills., fell from the hayloft and broke his neck, but he lived for a short time afterward. He leaves a family in England.

Dumas Larose, a carpenter, was killed at Lake Linden, Mich., by falling over sixty feet from the top of Hecla sand wheel. The staging broke down.

Henry Lobb, a machinist at Akron, O., was killed by being caught in a steam planer.

Monday the amount of cash in the treasury at Washington was $740,530,258 68.

England has more than two thousand generals on her army lists, an average of one to every company of soldiers.

* * *

The executive committee of the National Education association has decided to hold the next annual convention at Saratoga Springs July 12 to 15, 1892

There are 181,000 foreigners in Paris, or one-tenth of the entire population. Among these the Belgians lead with 45,000 Swiss, 25,000, and Italians, 21,000. Then comes Luxembourg, and the next Great Britain with 13,000.

In Africa there are 500 missionaries and 400,000 converts. An average of 25,000 a year become converted, and in five years more than two hundred martyrs have lost their lives there.

Birds are disappearing from France. Their nests have been destroyed and they are migrating elsewhere.

It took two sailors who were wrecked in the South Sea five months to reach Honolulu in an open boat. They touched at several islands, obtaining supplies and food.

The international peace congress has opened its session at Rome. One hundred delegates are present.

The prosecution of A. W. Stark by the Ashland, Wis., Sabbath Union for keeping his barber shop open ended in his acquittal.

Green lake, Colorado, is the highest lake in the world. The surface is 10,250 above the sea level.

An unknown man was stabbed to death in a row between Finns and Swedes near Newberry, Mich.

Mr. Gladstone is almost the only member of the house of commons who sits uncovered in parliament.

Louis Lucian Bonaparte, a nephew of the first Napoleon, is dead at Rome, aged 78 years.

Japan wants reciprocity or some other sort of closer trade relations with China, and the native newspapers are agitating and advocating the matter.

Typhus fever is spreading among the famine stricken inhabitants of several provinces in the government of Kasan, in Russia. Stringent measures have been adopted to cope with the disease.

There is a huge corner in rye at St. Petersburg. The object of those concerned in the corner is to force the price up to 3 rubles per pood.

The value of the timber in Fresno county, Cal., is estimated at $96,000,000.

* * *

At Berlin the failure of Hirschfield & Wolf, bankers, with liabilities of 300,000 marks, is announced.

Mme. Adelina Patti has won her law suit against the Russian impressario Zet, who forced her to pay a large sum as compensation for her breach of contract for not going to St Petersburg to sing last winter.

Albert Kohls has been sentenced at Milwaukee to life imprisonment for the murder of Annie Kodatz.

Two boys in London, convicted of placing obstructions on a railway track, were sentenced to receive eight strokes of a birch rod each.

Geraldine Ulmar, the American prima donna, has had a sad accident in London which will probably disfigure her for life. She was playing with her dog and the animal sprang at her face, bit her mouth and nose and tore the flesh badly.

The peasants of Bosnia have set fire to the forests in a number of places owing to dissatisfaction with the way the public domain is administered by the local officials.

Fire destroyed the car stables of the Rapid Transit line at Newark, N. J., causing a loss of $60,000.

Prominent citizens of San Francisco have taken up the movement to erect a monument to Colonel E. D. Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff.

President Harrison sent telegrams to Chairman Hahn of the Republican central committee and the Hon. William McKinley congratulating them upon the Republican victory in Ohio.

Cherokee Indians have filed a petition at Muscogee asking a partition of 14,000,000 acres of land in severalty.

An unknown man fatally shot John Nelson, a 3-year-old boy of Cairo, Ills. The boy was in a boat in the Ohio river at the time he was shot.

A statement prepared at the treasury department shows that the increase in circulating medium for October was $33,810,125; increase in bullion and money in the treasury $9,182,403.

In Kansas the Alliance party elected about sixty officers out of a total of 424. The Republicans elected the remainder.

William Little, a farmer living near Huntington, Ind., blew in a shotgun. The coroner decided the gun was loaded.

At Milwaukee about seven hundred laborers working for the Villard syndicate on electric railway lines struck against a reduction of 25 cents in their wages and work on the railway improvements is at a standstill.

* * *

Wednesday was a red letter day in the police annals of London. The official report contains the phenomenal intelligence that not a single serious crime occurred during twenty-four hours among the 4,000,000 inhabitants of the metropolis.

It is estimated that $125,000 changed hands on the result of the election in New York.

Severe snow storms continue in Bulgaria. At some points the snow is ten feet deep. Many persons have died from the effects of the cold and thousands of cattle and sheep have been lost.

The village of Hohenfickte, Saxony, had a mayor and a police force, the latter consisting of one policeman. During the fire, which destroyed three houses, both the mayor and the policeman were killed accidentally while trying to extinguish the flames.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis has decided to have the remains of her husband interred in Hollywood cemetery at Richmond, Va.

In the circuit court at Elkhorn, Wis., Edward Tromblee was convicted of burglary of the Northwestern depot at Genoa Junction in April and sentenced to Waupun for two years and six months.

The 6-year-old daughter of John Carlson of Bloomington, Ills., was burned while playing around a bonfire and will probably die.

Mrs. Parnell, widow of the dead Irish leader, is not at the point of death. The physicians give some hopes of her recovery.

Julio Campo, an alleged South American general and commissioner to the World's fair, is under arrest at New York, charged with robbing a corpse of a wallet containing money and jewelry.

Dr. Mott Smith of Hawaii, who is in Washington, announces that the citizens of Hawaii desire the annexation of the island to the United States

The old soldiers of Minnesota have decided to attend the World's fair in a body. They will go into camp with the veterans from other states.

Of the 4,506 Russian-Hebrew immigrants who arrived in Philadelphia this year the greater number having trades were tailors.

* * *

Because Patrick McGuire of New York objected to the orgies of his wife and a female visitor the latter threw a lighted lamp at him as he lay in bed, burning him so that he died soon after.

Two executions, aggregating $501,000, were issued against the New York Cable Railway company, but the deputy sheriff could not find any property belonging to the company.

Cadiz, in Spain, has been inundated. Large numbers of cattle in the surrounding country have been drowned.

Both the children of W. D. Howells have matter in the current numbers of two leading juvenile magazines—his son in Wideawake, and his daughter in St. Nicholas.

Earnings of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, including the St. Louis and San Francisco system, for the month of October were $4,546,811, an increase of $382,146.

The English Liberals are greatly exercised over the question of the succession to the party leadership on the retirement of Mr. Gladstone.

Spontaneous combustion accounts for the loss of 20,000 tons of slack, burned on the docks at West Superior, Wis.

William Bender of Long Prairie, Minn., who killed his wife last June, has been convicted of manslaughter. He will get twenty years' imprisonment.

Joe Jefferson lowered the world's three-mile pacing record by going the distance in 7:33¼, at Knoxville, Ia The best previous record, 7:44, was made by James K. Polk in 1847.

The Berlin tramway board has dismissed all women employes of the companies and replaced them with men, who, it is explained, require higher wages, but are on the whole more satisfactory.

The number of deaths at Altona, Germany, from trichiniasis, caused by eating diseased pork, is now reported as thirty. An investigation as to the origin of the meat is in progress.

Near Altona, Ills., Mrs. Haines was killed, her husband and Mrs. Sutton were dangerously and a daughter of the Haines' was slightly hurt in a runaway accident.

* * *

The returns of the London board of trade for October show that during the month the imports decreased £870,000 and the exports decreased £2,510,000 as compared with those for the corresponding month last year.

Miss Gentry, a teacher of mathematics from the United States, has obtained permission to attend the lectures of the professors of mathematics in the Berlin university. Such a permission is quite a novelty.

A disastrous prairie fire four miles west of Creighton, Neb., destroyed the residence of Wilson Losure, also his barn and about 8,000 bushels of grain in the stack. Captain Miller's barn was also destroyed.

When the ownership and control of the St. Mary's Falls ship canal was transferred to the United States there was $65,000 also handed over to be used in subsidizing a dry dock at the Sault. The dry dock has never materialized.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Nat C. Goodwin.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Country Circus."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.- Lew Dockstader.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Boys and Girls."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Texas Steer."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—Grand Opera.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.
Corner State and Randolph Streets. — The Stoddard Lectures.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"After Dark."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Waifs of New York."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Two Old Cronies."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—Nellie McHenry, "A Night at the Circus."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halsted street near Madison.—"The World Against Her."

EXPOSITION BUILDING.
Michigan Avenue, Monroe, Adams and Jackson Streets—American Fat Stock, Horse, Dairy and Poultry Shows.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

ADVICE TO THE BRAVE IRISH MINORITY.

The sentiment in favor of settling the quarrel now raging between the factions of the once powerful Irish Parliamentary party appears to be universal throughout the United States. All the Irish American public bodies that have recently met voiced this sentiment in their resolutions, including the Irish National League of America and the Board of Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cook county, whose action on the matter, a report of which appears elsewhere, will be read with interest. Irish American public sentiment is entirely right in this respect. It is impossible to explain to the American people the conditions that exist in Ireland. They cannot follow the course of events in that country as Irishmen can. They see only the faction fighting and are simply chilled and disgusted by such news as that telegraphed recently from Cork and Waterford. The principle maintained by the Parnellite, or Redmond, faction is undoubtedly correct. It is the creed taught by Parnell himself in his best days—Independent opposition to all English parties until Home Rule is achieved. The McCarthyite faction, on the other hand, have allied themselves inextricably it would seem with Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberal party. This has ever been the bane of Irish politics, and it is to be feared that the McCarthyites will fare no better by such an alliance than did Henry Grattan, Daniel O'Connell and the Irish Parliamentary party of 1853.

However, it seems to be decided by a majority of the Irish voters, so far as heard from, that Gladstone must be trusted and that the Liberals must be supported in whatever Home Rule programme they may please to put before the people of Great Britain and Ireland. This is the idea of the Irish politicial bishops, of most of the priests and of the laity themselves—always excepting the spirited minority which stands in opposition, with the sad prospect of always remaining a minority. This minority represents National Ireland, as National Ireland has been represented for the most part since the landing of Strongbow. It is, and always has been, right but it never wins permanent victory. It is the only Irish element that will be spoken of with respect by the historians of the future, English or otherwise, because it is the only Irish element that has consistently fought, suffered and sacrificed in the field, in the dungeon and on the scaffold for a free and independent Ireland. It alone can answer, when its motherland calls the roll, and the name of a missing patriot is reached, "Dead on the field of honor!"

But let THE CITIZEN, which loves and admires this heroic element—this superb minority—say to it with fraternal sincerity—withdraw from the field for the present; you are overmatched. Whiggery, political clericalism, Catholic subserviency and Protestant distrust are too much for you just now. Let the majority which now rules Ireland's political destiny take all the responsibility; but keep up your hearts, furl your banners carefully—they will flash out in glory some other day—and, above all things else, "Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry." Do not despise the advice because it came from Cromwell. He knew how to fight and to conquer. Would to Heaven that we had had an Irish Cromwell in 1782 and and 1843! We would not be the pitiful spectacle before the nations which we are today. It would be better for us to copy the wisdom and the valor of England's heroes, than the accent and the manners of her fops. Hugh O'Neill's sword did not cut less heavily into the crest of Bagenal because it was forged in England. But O'Neill spoke with an Irish tongue and arrayed himself in native garments.

We ask you to cease the intolerable wrangle of parliamentary faction for the present, brave minority, not because we love you less, but Ireland more. The present fight can only do her harm. Let us see what this fair spoken Englishman, Gladstone, is going to do for Ireland—give him the chance he asks for, not for his sake, but for Ireland's sake. If he betrays Ireland, you will be stronger than ever—your country will call upon you to lead her out of the darkness once more. If he gives anything worth accepting your present forbearance will win you future credit. Quarrel no more at the polls. Give Ireland a breathing spell. If there are traitors among your opponents, they will be speedily discovered after the Whigs come back to power. THE CITIZEN cannot ask you unite with Healy, but it does ask you to unite with Ireland by making no further public demonstration of a hostile nature until the coming general election decides the fate of English parties. If Gladstone fails or falls, then Ireland is done forever with parliamentary illusions, and she will look for her deliverance to other and braver and more effective means. The tombs of her martyrs will be the shrines of her people, and from the dust of her heroes shall be born a spirit that treason cannot contaminate or oppression extinguish.

INGERSOLL'S FAMILY ETHICS.

THE CITIZEN is willing to admit, not for the sake of argument but as a matter of fact, that Col. Robert G. Ingeroll is an orator. There are many greater orators in America, both as to matter and to manner, but Col. Bob is high above the average. He sometimes speaks extempore, but generally with preparation, and often reads his addresses, or lectures. If Col. Ingersoll had confined himself simply to political, or legal, or social oratory, he might have been more eminent as a citizen than he is today, but he would never have become so famous. The Colonel's recent fame is chiefly founded on an attempt to obliterate hell from the map of the spiritual world. He has worked himself up into a rhetorical fury over hell and Moses. The brimstone of the one he has dismissed with an epigrammatic sneer and the "mistakes" of the other he has made thoroughly manifest to himself at least. He is well versed in Voltaire and in Paine, but he has not improved on anything written or uttered by the French rationalist, or the English Deist. God still reigns, and we have no good reason to believe that either Ingersoll's models, or Ingersoll himself, have made any durable impression on the gates of hell,

But while "Col. Bob" is utterly unable to hurt the Almighty or to diminish the sulphur supply of Hades, he can, because he is a popular fad with the unthinking, do great injury to the growing generation. He teaches that women are to be uncontrolled and that children must not be corrected. THE CITIZEN gladly admits that there are thousands of women as well able to take care of private or public business as men, but it also believes that the great mass of women must ever be, in the very nature of things, and in the economy of nature, more or less dependent on the strength, judgment, chivalry and generosity of men. It is not absolutely necessary for domestic comfort that a wife should be a mere household drudge or pretty doll, capable only of monosyllabic expression on matters of public interest. Such a woman would be infinitely tiresome to a man of spirit and of intellect, but neither is a hectoring sergeant or a bullying major domo of a woman a desirable helpmeet for a man who desires to live in peace and comfort under his own rooftree. A man need not be what Col. Ingersoll flippantly calls "a boss" in his own household, but he should, unless a loafer, a drunkard or an idiot, always be the head of the family, looked up to and respected by wife and children, with wifely and filial loyalty. The married man who is not regarded as the head of his house, whose wife does about as she pleases, socially and otherwise, is a well known figure in the divorce courts, and he is always the petitioner. There are times, as the history of our divorce courts only too clearly proves, when the manly, not cruel, firmness of husbands might have saved giddy and headstrong wives from social and moral ruin. The henpecked husband is always the man who suffers at the hands of his wife and what the French call "the other fellow." THE CITIZEN believes in the higher education of woman; in paying her man's wages if she can accomplish man's work with equal efficiency; in treating her with affection, consideration and liberality, but it does not, to be plain about it, believe in dressing her in pantaloons. Venus would never have made an impression on the heathen gods if she had arisen from the sea arrayed in breeches.

But, while Col. Ingersoll's idea of "the freedom of woman" is, to say the least of it, weak and mischievous, what are we to think of his method of training children up in the way they should go? Here is a quotation from his recent lecture on "Liberty" at the Auditorium:

"Now, if women have been slaves, what shall we say of little children? The children are just one shade worse than the women. Most people have an idea about bringing up children, instead of letting them grow. You furnish a climate in the house, and the children will grow beautiful; but you must furnish the climate. In your house must be the climate of kindness, of honesty, of justice, and generosity, and just as long as the climate exists those children will grow free and fair and beautiful. I have pity for the children—the children of the poor, the children of the rich, the children of the gutter and of the palace, the children of the criminal classes. I have sympathy with them all, because they have no liberty. If you want your children to tell the truth you must stop lying to them. Over in Michigan I heard a story about a little boy at Grand Rapids. His father and mother had often promised to take him out riding, but they always evaded him. One day he caught them just as they were driving away, and he said to the nurse who had brought him to the door: 'There goes the two worst liars in Grand Rapids.' I do not believe children can be made honest through fear. There is no reforming power in fear. You may scare a man so badly that he won't do a certain thing, but I will take my oath you can't frighten him to that degree that he won't want to do it, and as long as he wants to there is no reformation. There is no reforming power in brutality. Children will grow only in the climate of kindness, in the climate of goodness. Give them a chance to be honest. If your child tells a lie, tell him you have told lots of them, and you have found out it is a bad policy. Don't pretend to be a saint, because after awhile your child will see through your robes. Let us be perfectly free and frank with each other. Tell your boy 'you have never done anything worse than I have done, and probably never will.' When your child commits a wrong take it in your arms, let it feel your heart beat against its heart, and let the child know that you really, and truly, and sincerely love it."

THE CITIZEN has no fault to find with the climate of love which Col. Ingersoll would establish in every household, but no boy who tells lies could be weaned from the practise if his father confessed to having been himself a liar. The son generally looks upon his father as his model, and his respect is diminished when the parent consoles him by acknowledging his early imperfections. A boy can be shamed out of lying—he need not be thrashed out of it except in extreme cases—but he is hardly likely to be reformed by the spectacle of his father in the role of a self-accused domestic Ananias. The Colonel's cure for a naughty child in the latter part of the above quotation is a very sweet one, and well calculated to tickle the fancy of many of his hearers, but there are occasions, even in the best managed households, when a turn across mamma's checkered apron has a better effect on a spoiled darling than all the Colonel's nauseating molly coddling. It is to be hoped that Col. Ingersoll told all his lies while he was a boy. Virtue becomes old age. No people are so easily humbugged as the good natured, emotional inhabitants of this great republic.

THE "TRIBUNE" AND THE CORK ELECTION.

In an article headed "Triumph of the Irish Moderate Home Rulers," published last Monday, the Chicago *Tribune* says:

"The election in Cork on Friday last resulted, as everybody who has followed the turbulent course of Irish politics since the deposition of Mr. Parnell from the parliamentary leadership of the party he created anticipated, in the election of Flavin, the candidate of the Moderate Home Rulers, and the overwhelming defeat of Redmond, the leader of the irreconcilable Fenian faction. The vote as announced yesterday stood:

Flavin (Moderate Home Ruler)	3,669
Redmond (Fenian factionist)	2,157
Barsfield (Tory)	1,161

It will be noted that Flavin received more votes than were given to the extremist candidate and the Tory combined. His majority over Redmond is 1 512, while the Tory polled only 1,161. The Tories have about 2 500 votes all told in the constituency. It is probable that 2,000 of them went to the poll, and that 700 or 800 of them voted for Redmond in the hope that he might win and that the faction fight would be kept up to the great advantage of the Tory party. But the game did not work."

THE CITIZEN desires to place before the *Tribune*, in a fair and impartial manner, the facts in the foregoing case. In the first place, Mr. Redmond never was a Fenian or a member of any society affiliated with the Fenian or Irish Republican Brotherhood. In the second place, Mr. Flavin has been all his life identified with Irish revolutionary principles, and this was one of the reasons that influenced the clerical party in selecting him to run for Cork against John Redmond. They knew he would divide the Irish National, or as the *Tribune* is pleased to call it, Fenian vote with his opponent. In the third place, Mr. Flavin is a native and resident of Cork, while Mr. Redmond is a native and resident of Wexford. This circumstance cuts quite as much figure in the election as it would have cut in Illinois if a man from the Twentieth congressional district had been imported to run against a resident of the First district in his own bailiwick. In the fourth place, *all* Irish Protestants are not Tories or West Britons. There is a good sprinkling of sound Nationalists among them, and it would be larger if their fear of clerical dictation did not keep them, as a matter of presumed self protection, in the ranks of the Conservatives. It is ridiculous to suppose that the great grandsons of the Protestant patriots who freed Ireland in 1782, have all fallen so much in love with English rule as to prefer British provincialism to Irish nationhood only for their traditional fear and horror of a possible Catholic ascendency in case Ireland obtained her independence. Their fears may be groundless, but clerics who enforce their political ideas at the point of the blackthorn cannot be regarded with overwhelming confidence by Irish Protestants of National predilections, not to speak of those who are mere British colonists in Ireland. Yet the Chicago *Tribune*, which has opposed clerical dictation in Italy, South America, Mexico and elsewhere, virtually supports that kind of dictation in Ireland, if its sentiments are to be judged by its editorials.

The following facts in regard to the Cork constituency may be of general interest. The city of Cork elects two members to the imperial parliament, but does not comprise two districts. The voting territory includes a circle of four miles beyond and around the municipal limits. The total number of registered votes, according to official statistics, is 12,354. Of these there were cast

For Flavin	3 669 or 29.7 per cent
For Redmond	2.157 or 17.4 per cent
For Barsfield	1,161 or 9.4 per cent
Not cast	5 367 or 43.5 per cent
Total cast	6 967 or 56.5 per cent

If, as the *Tribune* states, the Conservative vote amounts to about 2,500, and that about 2 000 were cast, some for Redmond, it follows that nearly 5,000 Nationalist voters remained at home, induced thereto by a dislike of mingling in a faction fight, by a divided feeling as to the upholding or the deserting of a fellow townsman, and lastly, but not leastly, a reluctance to openly oppose the bishop and the clergy. THE CITIZEN, while advising a cessation of hostilities between the factions, cannot view in the result of the Cork election such an overwhelming verdict against Parnellite sentiment as the *Tribune* gives the American public to understand.

GOOD FIGHTING MATERIAL.

The courage displayed by the people on both sides of the fight in Cork; the laying out of two Royal Irish constables by a stalwart woman, armed with a stone in her stocking, in Waterford, and the thrashing administered to a battalion of insolent redcoats by the worthy citizens of Limerick—all events of recent date—show that the effects of the terrible famine are not seriously felt by the existing generation of Ireland's inhabitants, and that there is plenty of fight left in them still. While faction is always to be regretted, THE CITIZEN is by no means displeased that the Irish have ceased to be political quakers, and that they do not fear a little blood letting now and then. The affray in Limerick was a spirited affair and a healthy sign of the times. It is not the first time that the redcoats got leathered in that "famed citie."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"M. M. S.," City—We are reluctantly compelled to hold over your letter in regard to the World's Fair until next week.

"ULSTERMAN," City—Tyrone, or Tyrowen, originally spelled Tyr-Eoghan in the Gaelic, signifies the Land of Owen. Donegal—Dun-na-Gall—means Fort of the Stranger.

"IRISH-AMERICAN CATHOLIC," Etc.—THE CITIZEN cannot undertake a crusade against any person or corporation on anonymous complaint. If the facts are as you state, why don't you confide your name to us? If you are so careful of yourself, how can you expect us, who have no personal interest in the matter, to rush into the imminent deadly breach?

"D. C.," Kansas City—Your verses are well conceived and show considerable gift of versification. We may find a place for them in a future number of THE CITIZEN.

IT is now alleged by Tim Harrington, M.P., that John Dillon telegraphed from America to William O'Brien at Boulogne, "Parnell is humbugging you." It looks now as if William humbugged Parnell.

"THE funds! the funds!" This cry has always been the choicest pretext of Irish faction. There is always something fundamentally wrong when Irishmen fight about money.

THE Hon. Ben Butterworth put both his feet in his mouth by sneering at the emblems of the Catholic church at a recent banquet in this city. The Columbus club, composed exclusively of Catholics, is calling for his removal from the office of solicitor general of the World's Fair. Benjamin has explained that he meant nothing bigoted or disrespectful, but the Columbus club people won't be satisfied with anything else than his gory locks. Butter is now worth in the neighborhood of 30 cents a pound. Benjamin, if he doesn't let the church alone will never bring that price in the political market. If he knows on which side his bread is buttered, he had better mend his oratorical manners. The Pope may be, in the physical sense, old and weak, but he has a pile of friends in this country.

IT seems to us here in America that the members of the McCarthyite party who are badgering Mr. Parnell's sick and bereaved widow are engaged in a very small and blackguardly business. THE CITIZEN cannot understand how a gentleman such as Justin McCarthy can tolerate such gross misconduct in his followers.

TIM HEALY is again accused of assailing Mrs. Parnell. Where is McDermott?

THE Earl of Aberdeen and his wife are in town for the purpose of promoting the Irish exhibit at the World's Fair. This couple mean what they say. It is not often that Aberdeen turnips turn up all right for Ireland.

THE London *Star* says that 500 children under 10 years of age were taken into custody in London last year as drunk and disorderly. And 267 cases of the same kind are listed for trial in the London divorce court this term. Ireland, with all her faults, has no such record as that to blush for.

THE NALLY TESTIMONIAL.

A meeting of the committee having the above fund in charge was held at Cline's hall on Nov. 8. The meeting was called to order at 4 p. m., Vice President A. G. Duggan in the chair. The chairman announced that the subscriptions were closed and he congratulated the friends and admirers of P. W. Nally on the success of their efforts showing that the Nationalists of Chicago had realized £100 which would be forwarded to the committee in the Old Land on Monday, the 9th inst. The committee on address presented the following report to the committee in Ireland:

"The sacrifices made by Mr. P. W. Nally, the brave young leader of the democracy of historic Mayo; the manly dignity with which he has endured his ten years of undeserved imprisonment in an English penitentiary; the fidelity he has ever exhibited toward the immortal cause of Irish independence, and the active interest he has ever taken in seeking to better the condition of the Irish people—all these reasons have filled us, a few of his friends, resident in Chicago, with a desire to aid in swelling the well deserved testimonial which will be presented to him on his release from prison in the latter part of this month. We honor him for the gallant bearing he ever displayed in the teeth of the Irish landlords, and the myrmidons of a tyrannical government. We applaud him for what his efforts have accomplished for the tenant farmers of his native county, and we hail him back from the shadows of the dungeon in which his virtues as a public spirited Irishman placed him, as a friend, a comrade and a benefactor. He comes forth from that prison with a halo of patriotic glory around his still youthful brow, unbroken in spirit, and ready again, as ever, to dare and to do for Ireland and her people. We mingle our thanks to him with those of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and hope that he will accept in the fraternal spirit in which it is offered the enclosed small, but heartily bestowed, tribute of our love, esteem and admiration—praying, at the same time, that Ireland may ever find upon her soil men who will defend her as boldly, as proudly and as unselfishly as our honored brother in the cause, P. W. Nally."

M. J Keane, President; A. G. Duggan, Vice-President; Thomas Cline, Treasurer; John J. Ansbro and J. M. McLoughlin, Secretaries. Committee on Address, John F. Finerty, John P. Doherty, John P. Rogers, Edward Hughes, Thomas J. Walsh, Joseph P. McKenna.

It was moved and seconded that the address as read by the committee be adopted. Carried unanimously. The treasurer then read his report showing the total receipts to be $509. The report of the treasurer was approved. On motion the thanks of the committee were tendered to THE CITIZEN for its advocacy of the cause, and also on motion the thanks of the committee were tendered to Mr. Thomas Cline for the free use of his hall. It was moved and seconded that the committee now adjourn to meet again at the call of the secretary.

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN, JOHN ANSBRO, } Secs

M. J. Keane	$10 00	Dennis Kane	1 00
John P. Rogers	10 00	John Carroll	1 00
John P. Doherty	10 00	P. J. Doherty	1 00
J. M. McLoughlin	10 00	Thos. Quinn	1 00
John Ansbro	10 00	James Doherty	1 00
Owen O'Malley	10 00	H. K. Jordan	1 00
John Towers	5 00	John Dowling	1 00
M. Davitt, Ireland	5 00	Edward Drury	1 00
Alex. Sullivan	5 00	Tim McCarthy	1 00
Thos. Walshe	5 00	Dan Cline	1 00
J. P. McKenna	5 00	J. E. Long	1 00
Thos. Cline	5 00	F. McCarthy	1 00
Michael Lynsky	5 00	Thos. Sheehan	1 00
James O Malley	5 00	Andrew Foy	1 00
Alex. McDonnell	5 00	Jas. F. Bowley	1 00
Owen Dunnan	5 00	John Joyce	1 00
Edward Hughes	5 00	M. Hickey	1 00
Capt. J. W. Ward	5 00	Thos. McAvoy	1 00
Dennis O'Connor	5 00	M. Sweeney	1 00
James Ansbro	5 00	M. R. Fogarty	1 00
P. J. O'Reilly	5 00	John R. Dacey	1 00
John O Malley	5 00	Martin Higgins	1 00
John Kelly	5 00	John Haley, Tampico, Ill	1 00
P. Lofrus	5 00	John Carney	1 00
Capt. P. McGrath	5 00	Thos. Cosgrove	1 00
John M. Carroll	5 00	H. P. Brady	1 00
Daniel Wall	5 00	Anthony Grimes	1 00
Mark Hardin	5 00	P. Flanagan	1 00
Martin Glynn	5 00	Patrick Regan	1 00
Patrick O Brien	5 00	P. Corrigan	1 00
M. J. O Brien	5 00	Michael Woods	1 00
M. Morrison	5 00	John Harran	1 00
John F. Finerty	5 00	Thos. McGrath	1 00
Thos. Fitzgerald	5 00	P. Maloney	1 00
R. J. Phelan	5 00	John F Coleman	1 00
Richard Gill	5 00	John McHugh	1 00
J. J. Fitzgibbon	5 00	Edward Carlin	1 00
F. D Kinsella	5 00	John O'Malley	1 00
J. Fitzsimmons	5 00	Frank O'Malley	1 00
John Ward	5 00	Richard Gibbons	1 00
J. P. O Malley	5 00	Patrick Nolan	1 00
P. H. Gallagher	5 00	Wm. Hyland	1 00
Wm. O Malley	5 00	Martin Geraghty	1 00
James Lyons	5 00	John T. Keating	1 00
Michael Mullee	5 00	James Barrett	1 00
John McGovern	5 00	R. Mulcahy	1 00
Patrick Doian	5 00	M. McCarthy	1 00
Patrick O'Brien	5 00	Peter Egan	1 00
Wm. H Joyce	5 00	Anthony Egan	1 00
J. J. O Connell	5 00	M. Monahan	50
Wm. Gavin	5 00	E. Riordan	50
John Gibbons	5 00	Patrick Ryan	50
Alex. McHenery	5 00	Michael Grimes	50
James J. Kane	3 00	Michael Mullins	50
Maj. W. C. McClure	3 00	Michael Davitt	50
John S. Mullen	3 00	Thos. Fallon	50
P. J. Grimes	3 00	S. Gilligan	50
Michael Corrigan	3 00	J. Silibensky	50
M. Fitzgerald	3 00	Thos. O'Malley	50
John McHugh	3 00	Owen McKeown	50
John Hurst	3 00	Con Keeffe	50
Martin Garvin	3 00	John McKeown	50
Wm. Daly	3 00	James Morse	50
Daniel Gleeson	2 00	John Ahern	0
M. J. Kennedy	2 00	Thos. Dwyer	50
Michael O'Malley	2 00	Wm. Dunne	50
Edward O'Malley	2 00	M. Henegan	50
Patrick Joyce	2 00	Martin Patton	50
John McHale	2 00	S. A. McGlade	50
Thos. McGraven	2 00	Thos. Gallagher	50
Frank Slory	2 00	P. McGloughlin	50
Thos. McVaddy	2 00	Wm. McGann	50
Thos. Donavan	2 00	Michael Geelin	50
M. Kennedy	2 00	Patrick Hanley	50
Charles Gruen	2 00	Edward Frambly	50
Patrick Kane	2 00	Roger Kelly	50
Edward Kelly	2 00	John Barnes	50
M. Fitzgerald	2 00	M. Clasby	50
F. Morriss	2 00	John Drain	50
Anton Novak	2 00	John Keeffe	50
Thos. O N. Jones	2 00	Patrick Lee	50
Wm. Mory	2 00	Edward Murray	50
W. H. Kelly	2 00	Thos. O Shea	50
Chas. F. Cooke	2 00	J. Nelligan	50
J. J. Snyder	2 00	P. Waters	50
Thos. McGonigle	2 00	J. Teeling	50
John Mahoney	2 00	Edward Hanley	50
James Flynn	2 00	James McGuire	50
W F. Mahoney	2 00	J. H. Lynch	50
Thos. Martin	2 00	B. J. Murphy	50
John Cline	2 00	John Delea	50
Patrick Cline	2 00	Thos. Durkin	50
P. R. Mooney	2 00	Edward Riordan	50
John Blackwell	2 00	Thos. Reynolds	50
Thos. Bourke	2 00	James Brennan	50
J. Furcell	1 00	M. Doyle	50
M. Murphy	1 00	John Moriarty	50
Patrick Corcoran	1 00	Wm. O Donnell	50
John McDonagh	1 00	J. B. Maloney	50
B. Mulraney	1 00	Patrick Lane	50
James Walshe	1 00	P. McMahon	50
Patrick Shannon	1 00	Owen Farley	50
James Maloney	1 00	M. Hickey	50
John Hyland	1 00	James Walshe	50
John Canavan	1 00	Edward Sheehy	50
James Murphy	1 00	J. J. Dowd	50
James Canavan	1 00	J. McGranahan	50
Frank Judge	1 00	John M Ireen	50
John Moran	1 00	John Kane	50
John Kane	1 00	James A. Cleary	50
P. Fitzgerald	1 00	D J. McNenery	50
James Kane	1 00	M. Downey	50
P. Scanlan	1 00	M. Geary	50
B. Keating	1 00	James Morrisy	50
H. Kane	1 00	D. McCormack	50
James Mahoney	1 00	M Fivan	50
Thos. McCabe	1 00	John Lowry	50
W. J. Leby	1 00		
Con. O Donnell	1 00	Total Amt	$509 00
J. Bourke	1 00	By draft to Ireland	488 00
T J. Riordan	1 00	Printing, advertising, etc	17 50
Thos. Hogan	1 00		
M. O Malley	1 00	Balance in treasurer's hands	$ 3 50
Jerry O Connor	1 00		
John Shields	1 00		
P. Kennedy	1 00		
A. Doyle	1 00		

MR NALLY'S DEATH.

The friends of Mr. Nally in this city were pained and astonished at reading an announcement in the cable brevities of the Chicago *Tribune* of Tuesday, the information of Mr. Nally's sudden death in Mountjoy prison, Dublin, the preceding day. The subscription in his interest was "Love's Labor Lost" as far as he is concerned, but the consciousness of a well intended deed accomplished, somewhat consoled his friends. It is the general wish of the promoters of the Testimonial Fund that the money, $500, already sent to Ireland, should be devoted to raising a monument to his memory, as his family, among the most respected and prosperous in Mayo, are beyond the reach of want. A general meeting of the Testimonial subscribers will be held at Cline's Hall, at 3 o'clock next Sunday (tomorrow) afternoon, when a full attendance is requested.

Patrick W. Nally was born at Balla, county Mayo, in 1855. His family belonged to the great middle class farming element, and he received all the advantages of a good early education. While still a boy he took great interest in athletic games and other manly pastimes, and became quite a proficient. It fact, at the time of his imprisonment he was regarded as the leading athlete of the country.

Mr. Nally was an intense Nationalist ever since boyhood, and had a deep sympathy with the oppressed masses of the people. Youth as he was, he became prominently identified with the Land League movement, which was virtually revolutionary in character, and he was, by all odds, the most efficient organizer in the west of Ireland. His fearless demeanor and marked ability aroused the ire and hatred of the landlord class, and he was persistently persecuted by their allies, the minions of Dublin Castle. He was finally arrested on a false charge, and, on the flimsiest kind of evidence, received a sentence of ten years confinement in penal servitude. His good conduct while in prison, shortened his term by nearly two years, and he would have been released, had he lived, on the 27th of this month. During Mr. Nally's stormy career he was ever noted for straightforwardness, dignity and sobriety. No son of Ireland or of Mayo deserved better of the parent land or of his native county, and those who were his comrades ardently hope that some day they may be able to avenge his death in armed array against his foes and executioners. His death has added one more martyr to the long, long line that have terminated their lives in British prisons, with only jailers and turnkeys to receive their latest breath and convey their last message to kindred and to country. May God have mercy on the soul of that brave and faithful son of Ireland!

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

Irish Nationalists Choose a Chairman and Adopt a Programme.

At Sunday's meeting of the Irish Nationalists, at No. 56 State street, a committee reported that Frank Agnew had consented to act as chairman of the demonstration to be held Nov 23 in Farwell Hall in memory of the "Manchester Martyrs," Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who were put to death at Manchester, England, Nov 23 1867, for the rescue of Col. Kelly and Mr. Deasy, their leaders, from a prison van. A police sergeant, named Brett, was killed in the melee, and the English, enraged at the boldness of the raid, hanged the men on a trumped up charge of murder. Fifty thousand handbills will be printed and distributed to announce the meeting, and the following programme will be carried out:

Opening address, Frank Agnew.
Octette, "America."
Harp, solo fantasia of Irish airs.
Song, "O'Donnell Aboo."
Address, ex-Senator James W. Duncan.
Solo, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."
Solo and quartette, "Cruiskeen Lawn."
Recitation, "The Irish Drummer Boy."
Song, "The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls."
Address, Judge Marcus Cavanaugh
Solo, selected.
Song, "Kathleen Mavourneen."
Octette, "Star Spangled Banner."
Solo, "Come Back to Erin."
Closing ode, "God Save Ireland," M. McInerney.

The meeting adjourned at 5 o'clock to meet at the same time and place Sunday, Nov. 15:

You Can Rely

Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates all impurity and tones and vitalizes the whole system.

ELEANOR KIRK RESUMES.

She Turns Loose on Mrs. Fassett and Blossems Forth on Mrs. Flower.

Virtue and Value of Her Onyx Hose

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 9—Perhaps Mrs. Fassett was not correctly reported, but if she did say that she did not often invite young people to her dinner table because of the wine that was always served there, she certainly offers the best argument for temperance, if not for total abstinence, that was ever given to the world. The admission carried with it a double power, because it seems to have been a totally unstudied statement. Is there not something awfully amiss when the dining room of a private citizen is admitted to be a dangerous place for the young? Please bear in mind that it is dangerous by Mrs. Fassett's published words, and not from anything that I have said. Those who always have wine served at dinner, offering it to both old and young on the assumption that young men who can have it in this way will not be likely to drink at saloons, are consistent, but the host who will not invite the young to his table because of the danger to them of the wine he drinks himself is an inconsistent and selfish member of society.

Mrs. Fassett has all the rights she wants. Mrs. Flower has all the rights she wants. Their unanimity on this subject is quite remarkable. Mr. Fassett and Mr. Flower attend to the political and the financial, and the ladies take care of the social and the domestic. But what if Mr. Fassett and Mr. Flower should receive a summons to go hence,—what then? Who would do the thinking for Mrs. Flower and Mrs. Fassett? How about taxes and mortgages and the care of property? How much would they know about these important things? Would they have any representation when their husbands could no longer vote? Would they not be completely at the mercy of men? Would they have all the rights they wanted under such circumstances? A thousand times, no. If the widows who once had all the rights they wanted, and have since lost all they had in the world by reason of their ignorance, and of taxation without representation, could be counted, every woman of average common sense in the country would begin to work at once for the ballot box for their sex.

I once asked a very pretty and prominent society woman to give me her opinion on a certain subject then prominently before the public. She lifted her beautiful grey eyes, and placed her white hand caressingly on my arm and replied sweetly:

"My dear, I believe just as Jesse does."

"Well, how is that?" I asked relentlessly.

"Upon my word I haven't had time to ask him, but he is always right, and I am so glad because it is an awful bore to have to think."

Well, "Jesse" robbed a bank and ran away, and the wife who believed "just as Jesse did" is now living in a cheap flat, and is entirely dependent upon the charity of her relations.

When will women in high places, the wives of kind and wealthy husbands, realize that prosperity is as uncertain as life, and while they are temporarily happy and secure, thousands of their sisters are in utter ignorance of the way in which their property is being administered. Mrs. Flower and Mrs. Fassett may have all the rights they want now, but as widows they would be likely to deplore their own ignorance and to admit the truth of the time honored declaration that "taxation without representation is tyranny."

"New Reader" wants a black dress—not a silk or cashmere—but a fabric that will do for church, for visiting, for shopping and for traveling. It must be a material that will not catch dirt, will wash without shrinking, make over as good as new and wear like iron. It must not be coarse or common looking, and must not crease or wrinkle.

It is my opinion that "New Reader" firmly believed when she wrote the above that to comply with her conditions would be an impossibility. But I am happy to say that I have on at this writing a gown which has been washed and made over twice in five years, and could, even after all the laundering and remaking, be exactly matched in color and shade, if I needed more of the same quality. There isn't a hole or a thin place in it, and it is just as pretty as it was the first day I wore it. This material is the Priestly silk warp Henrietta, and it never yet failed to more than satisfy the buyer. There have been in the past many frauds perpetrated upon the Priestly goods, and shoppers should see that the name Priestly is marked in gilt letters at regular intervals upon the selvage, and that the material is rolled upon a varnished board.

"Suppose you had twenty five dollars you could spare for a handsome colored woolen gown, would you buy one of the new conglomerate patterns that are so fashionable this fall? Such a gown I should expect to wear at least two seasons."

I should not buy one of those hideous things. I have been the rounds of the principal dry goods houses, and I have not seen a single pattern that I would take as a gift, though the counters are loaded with new designs. The most stylish—so called—are in sombre shades so mingled that they resemble furniture covering more than anything else. Take a wood brown, a vivid green, and a black, and stir up together and then lay on with a brush with the eyes closed, and you will have the fashionable winter dress. Don't get it. It is ugly now and next year it will be entirely out of date.

To the readers who have stated their hosiery misfortunes, I would say that if they will buy the Onyx stainless black stockings which come in the improved ingrain in lisle thread and silk, they will have something satisfactory. The dye is healthful and permanent, and it is a long time before these goods come to needing. For this information I am indebted to the importers, Messrs. Lord & Taylor, of New York.

ELEANOR KIRK.

OBITUARY.

CAPT JAMES MURPHY.

We have to announce this week the death of a soldier who was prominently identified with the Irish revolutionary movement, from 1865 upwards. On Monday, Nov. 2, Capt. James Murphy died at his residence, One Hundred and Fifty-second street and Tenth avenue, New York City, in the 58th year of his age. His funeral took place on the 4th instant from St. Catherine's Church, where a solemn mass of requiem was celebrated for the repose of his soul, and, at the conclusion of the religious services, the remains of the dead soldier were escorted to their last resting place, in Cavalry cemetery, by a large concourse of his friends and comrades. Capt. Murphy was a youth when our late Civil War broke out. He enlisted in the Twentieth Massachusetts regiment of volunteers, and served in that corps through the war, being mustered out with the rank of captain. In 1865 he responded to the call of the late Col. John O'Mahony, and was one of the first American officers of the Fenian Brotherhood to go to Ireland. He was arrested in Dublin in 1865 on the information of the spy, Pierce Nagle, but as nothing was proved against him, and he demanded his rights as an American citizen, he was released, and returned to this country, only, however, to go back again to Ireland, and to suffer a long imprisonment previous to the abortive insurrection of 1867. Through life Capt. Murphy enjoyed the confidence of Irish Nationalists of every section as a thorough patriot. May he rest in peace. —*Irish American.*

MR EUGENE M'CARTHY.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen McCarthy, No. 192 Sangamon street, this city, have been grievously afflicted by the death of their beloved son, Mr. Eugene McCarthy, which occurred on Thursday of last week at the family residence. The young gentleman's health had been failing for some time, but very few expected so quick a termination of his life. He was very popular with all who knew, him, and during his business career in this city he made hosts of friends. The bereavement is all the more bitter to Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, and their surviving children, because three other sons, all in the prime of manhood, preceded Eugene to the grave within a few years. They also suffered the loss of a daughter, the late Mrs. Michael Keeley. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy are among the oldest and most respected settlers of Chicago, and profound sympathy is felt and expressed for them by a very large circle of warm personal friends. The funeral occurred on last Saturday morning, from the residence to St. Patrick's church, where high mass of requim was offered up, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery.

MR JOHN L O'TOOLE.

John Lawrence O'Toole died at the residence of his brother, James O'Toole, of Blackhawk street, in this city, of pneumonia, on the 28th ult., aged 27 years. He was born in Grennan, parish of Ballyragget, Queen's county, Ireland, and came to this country at the age of 15. He was a member of Court Hancock, Independent Orders of Foresters. Mr. O'Toole was a staunch friend and supporter of the Irish cause, and would always be found taking an active and prominent interest in Irish Nationalist affairs. Much devoted to Ireland, the home of his birth, he never failed to exert himself in the hour of need, when a matter embodying the interests of Ireland or Ireland's cause presented itself. Although an Irishman heartily in sympathy with Ireland's cause, he never forgot that, while an Irishman by birth, he was an American by adoption. He was a brother of Officer James O'Toole, of the Central Detail in this city, who is a gallant and deserving member of the force, and a strong sympathizer with the Irish cause. The remains of the lamented and patriotic deceased were placed in the vault in Calvary cemetery, and interment will take place next week, of which due announcement will be made. The death of Mr. O'Toole is a sad blow to the Irish cause at home and abroad, and his friends deeply deplore the loss of their departed comrade. *Requiescat in pace.*

MR JOHN ROGAN.

On Oct. 19 there died at his residence, No. 9 York street, Dublin, John, the eldest and beloved son of Richard Rogan, formerly of Temple Bar, Dublin, at the early age of 32 years, and his remains were interred in Glasnevin cemetery. His loss was a great grief to his father, who had hoped his son would live to follow in his footsteps in upholding the sacred cause of Ireland's freedom, with which the name of Richard Rogan has been so many years identified. Mr. Rogan has the heartfelt sympathy of all his friends at home and abroad, in his sad bereavement.

NEW CHURCH DEDICATED.

That of the Holy Cross in Woodlawn Park —Archbishop Feehan Officiates.

Archbishop Feehan officiated last Sunday at the formal dedication of the church of the Holy Cross, a new Catholic edifice just erected at Woodlawn Park, corner Sixty-sixth and Maryland avenue. Several prominent Catholic clergymen of the city were present and assisted in the dedicatory exercises. The church has a seating capacity of 600. Every seat was occupied, while many were compelled to stand in the aisles, there being a large number of visitors from adjoining parishes.

After reading the prayers for the occasion and the Litany, by the archbishop, a procession of the clergy, headed by the prelate, marched in solemn procession around the church on the outside and also through the aisles on the interior. Father P. Scanlan, assistant pastor of St. John's church, celebrated solemn high mass. Father Murray, of St. Bernard's church, preached the sermon. Father Muldoon, of the Cathedral, officiated as master of ceremonies; Father Carroll, of the Hyde Park church, as deacon, and Father Ryan, of St. Cecelia's, as sub-deacon. The services were closed by the pronouncing of the benediction of the blessed Sacrament and the pontifical benediction by the archbishop.

The church of the Holy Cross is the first charge of a young pastor, Father Hishen. Father Hishen was educated and ordained eight years ago at St. Mary's Sulpician Seminary, Baltimore. Since that time until July last he was assistant pastor at St. Gabriel's church. July 1 he was commissioned by Archbishop Feehan to organize a new parish at Woodlawn Park. Father Hishen went earnestly to work, and in a week's time had a congregation of a hundred families. Immediately steps were taken to erect a church, and in five days after the first blow of the carpenters was struck, Father Hishen had his congregation within the four walls. With no roof over their heads, and with the sun shining brightly upon the altar, high mass was celebrated. In thirty days the church was entirely completed, even to all the interior decorations. The structure, which in dimensions is 100 by 50 feet, cost $5 000. All obligations upon the building have been canceled. At a fair held two weeks ago the church netted $3,600.

HARK!

Oh my people, hear the calling
From the shamrocks at your feet;
Thro' the rushing wind, they're crying
With a yearning bitter-sweet.
They are calling—calling—calling,
As you heedless onward pass,
And they spend their strength in sobbing
Thro' the waving dew-tipped grass.

Oh my people, in the night-time
I have listened, cold and still,
To the tender-hearted pleading
Of the dead, beyond the hill:
I have listened to their voices,
As they floated thro' the gloom,
And I knew them for the heroes
We had sealed within the tomb.

They are Irish voices calling,
They are Irish hearts that beat
For our country while life held them,
Now they lie beneath your feet
Crying still, up thro' the shamrocks,
"Work—work on—for Ireland's right,
Bare your arm—your cause is holy—
Work and pray, for God is Might!"

"Thrust behind you civil struggle,
Try to make your country great;
Bury all the petty rankling—
Ireland's welfare *must not wait!*"
"Oh our people, Death is mighty,
But we *hear* and *feel* and *know*—
By the love that we have borne you
Spare our country deeper woe!"

* * * * * *

Won't you hear them, oh my people,
They who brought the glory-light
Of the dawn star of her freedom,
To poor Ireland's outer night?
Must they be for ever calling—
Will you, heedless, onward pass,
While they spend their strength in sobbing
Thro' the shamrocks and the grass?

CECILE JOYCE.

Baltimore, Md., November, 1891.

If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors.
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIEN, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
349 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Headquarters for Imported Dilisk,
113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

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JAMES CUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper,
No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
136 West Madison street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6 per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
308 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
26 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,
Attorney at Law,
609 Opera House Building,
Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

MITCHELL & RYAN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
175 Dearborn-st., Rooms 13-14, Chicago.
Practice in all the courts.

PAGE & PEARSON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
85 Dearborn-st., Rooms 304-5-6.
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PUBLISHERS,
164-168 E. RANDOLPH-ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Have the exclusive right of sale in the Western States of the Life, Poems and Speeches of the Great Irish Patriot, Poet and Journalist
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,
Edited in the Interest of His Wife and Family.
Also Publishers of many of the Latest and Best Catholic Publications issued. AGENTS WANTED.

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John Naghten & Co.
Agents Virginia Fire & Marine Insurance Company of Richmond, Va.
181 LA SALLE ST.
TELEPHONE 523. CHICAGO, ILL.

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Ladies' Dress Goods. Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry. Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing-Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.
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ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,
86 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,
CHICAGO.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARTIN MARTIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.
NELLIE B MARTIN,
Administratrix with the will annexed.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF ANDREW SILBER, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Silber, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.
JOHN C. BLOCK, Executor.
David Sullivan Attorney.

ESTATE OF VACLAV STAUBER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Vaclav Stauber, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.
MARY STAUBER, Executrix.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

A RESPECTABLE ACTIVE CATHOLIC
wanted to travel in own and neighboring parishes. Permanent position and good pay to industrious person. Good references required.
BENZIGER BROS.
36 & 38 BARCLAY-ST., NEW YORK.

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Brewing Company.
MILWAUKEE,
REPRESENTED BY
EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.
Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

H. R. EAGLE
BUY IN ADVANCE FOR CHRISTMAS
And Avoid the Rush.

WASHABLE DOLL,
18 INCHES HIGH,
Partly Dressed,
Golden Hair,
Blue Eyes.
&c., &c.,
19 Cts EACH.
CHILD'S ROCKER,
FINELY POLISHED HARDWOOD,
24½ In. HIGH,
12 In. WIDE.
EACH
29 CENTS.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

1867. 1891.
GOD SAVE IRELAND!
24th Mortuary Anniversary
OF THE
Manchester Martyrs,
ALLEN, LARKIN and O'BRIEN,
WILL BE CELEBRATED
Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago, at
FARWELL HALL, 148 MADISON-ST.,
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 23.

PROGRAMME:
Opening Address by the Chairman, Mr. FRANK AGNEW. Octette, "America," Miss M. L. Duggan, Miss Conyers, Mr. John M. Wilson, Mrs Daly, Miss N. Cahill, Mr. E. J Quinlan, Mr. Halle and Mr. J. J. Phelan. Harp Solo, Fantasia of Irish Airs, Mme. LaRoche. Song, "O'Donnell Aboo," Mr. E. J. Quinlan. Address, Ex-Senator James W. Duncan. Solo, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," Miss N Cahill. Solo and Quartette, "Cruiskeen Lawn," Mr. John M. Wilson, Miss Conyers, Mrs. Daly and Mr. E. J. Quinlan. Recitation, "The Irish Drummer Boy," Miss Alice Higgins. Song, "The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls," Miss M. L Duggan, with harp obligato by Mme. LaRoche. Address, Judge Marcus Kavanagh. Solo, selected, Mr. J. J Phelan. Song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Mrs. Burt Doloff. Octette, "Star Spangled Banner," Miss M. L. Duggan, Miss Conyers, Mr. John M. Wilson, Mrs. Daly, Miss N. Cahill, Mr E. J. Quinlan, Mr Halle and Mr. J. J. Phelan. Solo, "Come Back to Erin," Mrs. Daly. Closing ode, "God Save Ireland," Hon. M. McInerny. The musical programme is under the direction of Mr. E. J. Quinlan.
TICKETS, - 50 CTS EACH
Can be exchanged for reserved seats at Box Office, Friday, Saturday and Monday, Nov. 20, 21 and 23.

TEAS!
Best Sample Tea.....20c
Best Japan Dust.....10c
Fine Teas, all kinds.....25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds.....35c
Best Japan in the World.....50c
Best Teas, all kinds.....60c
WHY PAY MORE?
SEXTON, The Tea Man,
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Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings; admission 25c; private lessons $1.00; dancing every Sunday night under the management of FRANKEL & REICHART.
Lodge Halls to rent.

PENSION CLAIMS.
The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.
JOHN F. FINERTY,
U. S. Pension and Claim Agent,
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

A SUMMER SOLITUDE.

Broad slopes, robed regally in purple ling,
Where greets moist moss and scented thyme the bee;
And harebells hang the wind stirred grass amid;
And ferns and foxgloves fringe the peat stained spring.

Here flames a yellow tuft of furze, and there
A narrow patch of vivid color shows
The ant built hillocks where the cistus grows;
And ruddy bracken starts up everywhere.

The scattered sheep stray singly o'er the waste;
Above, the plover sounds his plaintive pipe,
Out yonder rise a pair of startled snipe,
And seek fresh shelter with a timid haste.

And far out west there gleams the wide gray main—
A silver glory where the sunsprite spills
His subtle charm—and 'neath the northern hills
Faint smoke goes up of cities of the plain.

A silent, solemn place and holy ground,
Where God speaks in a still small voice, which flies
Fear not who hurry by; but those who stay
And hearken catch the tender whispered sound,

And hearing, gain a strange, strong peace of heart;
A new, sweet patience for the pains of life;
A calmer courage for its stern, fierce strife;
A conscious power to do a nobler part.
—G. Duncan Grey in Chambers' Journal.

THE COUNTS PICTURE.

We were stationed at the little village of Z. We used to meet at each other's rooms, where we never saw anything but one another's uniforms.

There was only one man among us who did not belong to the regiment. He was about thirty-five, and, of course, we looked upon him as an old fellow. He had the advantage of experience, and his habitual gloom, stern features and his sharp tongue gave him great influence over his juniors.

He was surrounded by a certain mystery.

His principal recreation was pistol shooting. The walls of his room were riddled with bullets—a perfect honeycomb.

One afternoon about ten officers were dining with Silvio. They drank as usual; that is to say, a great deal. After dinner we asked our host to make a pool. For a long time he refused on the ground that he seldom played. At last he ordered cards to be brought in.

Among us on this occasion was an officer who had but lately joined. While playing he absentmindedly scored a point too much. Silvio took the chalk and corrected the score in his own fashion.

The officer, supposing him to have made a mistake, began to explain. Silvio went on dealing in silence. The officer, losing patience, took the brush and rubbed out what he thought was wrong.

Silvio took the chalk and recorrected it. The officer, heated with wine and play and irritated by the laughter of the company, thought himself aggrieved, and in a fit of passion seized a brass candlestick and threw it at Silvio, who only just managed to avoid the missile.

Great was our confusion. Silvio got up, white with rage, and said with sparkling eyes:

"Sir, have the goodness to withdraw, and you may thank God that this has happened in my own house!"

At the riding school next day we were already asking one another whether the young lieutenant was still alive, when he appeared among us. We asked him the same question, and were told that he had not yet heard from Silvio.

We were astonished.

We went to Silvio's and found him in the courtyard popping bullet after bullet into an ace which he had gummed to the gate.

Silvio did not fight. He accepted a flimsy apology and became reconciled to the man who had insulted him.

Silvio's letters used to be addressed to our regiment, and he usually called for them himself. On one occasion, a letter having been handed to him, I saw him break the seal and, with a look of great impatience, read the contents.

"Gentlemen," said Silvio, "circumstances demand my immediate departure." With these words he hurriedly left.

I went to Silvio's shortly after to bid him goodby.

"Perhaps we shall never meet again," he said. "Before saying goodby I want to have a few words with you.

"You thought it odd," he continued, "that I did not require satisfaction from that drunken maniac. Six years ago I received a slap in the face, and my enemy still lives."

"Did you not fight him?" I inquired.

"I did fight him," replied Silvio, "and here is a memento of our duel."

He rose and took from a cardboard box a red cap with a gold tassel and gold braid.

"In my time dissipation was the fashion," he went on, "and I was the most dissipated man in the army.

"My comrades adored me, while the commanders of the regiment, who were constantly being changed, looked upon me as an incurable evil.

"I was calmly, or rather boisterously, enjoying my reputation, when a certain young man joined our regiment. He was rich and came of a distinguished family—I will not name him.

"I took a dislike to him. His success in the regiment and in the society of women brought me to despair. I tried to pick a quarrel with him.

"At a ball at the house of a Polish landed proprietor, seeing him receive marked attention from all the ladies and especially from the lady of the house, who had formerly been on very friendly terms with me, I whispered some low insult in his ear.

"He flew into a passion and gave me a slap on the cheek. We clutched our swords; the ladies fainted; we were separated, and the same night we drove out to fight.

"It was nearly daybreak. I was standing at the appointed spot with my three seconds. How impatiently I awaited my opponent! The spring sun had risen and it was growing hot.

"At last I saw him in the distance. He was on foot, accompanied only by one second. We advanced to meet him. He approached, holding in his hand his regimental cap filled full of black cherries.

"The seconds measured twelve paces. It was for me to fire first. But my excitement was so great that I could not depend upon the certainty of my hand; and in order to give myself time to get calm, I ceded the first shot to my adversary. He would not accept it, and we decided to cast lots.

"The number fell to him, constant favorite of fortune that he was! He aimed, and put a bullet through my cap.

"It was now my turn. His life at last was in my hands; I looked at him eagerly, trying hard to detect some faint shadow of uneasiness. But he stood beneath my pistol, picking out ripe cherries from his cap and spitting out the stones, some of which fell near me.

"His indifference enraged me.

"'What is the use,' thought I, 'of depriving him of life, when he sets no value upon it?' As this savage thought flitted through my brain I lowered the pistol.

"'You don't seem to be ready for death,' I said; 'you are eating your breakfast, and I don't want to interfere with you.'

"'You don't interfere with me in the least,' he replied. 'Be good enough to fire; or don't fire if you prefer it; the shot remains with you, and I shall be at your service at any moment.'

"I turned to the seconds, informing them that I had no intention of firing that day, and with this the duel ended. I resigned my commission and retired to this little place. Since then not a single day has passed that I have not thought of my revenge, and now the hour has arrived."

Silvio took from his pocket the letter he had received that morning, and handed it to me to read. Some one (it seemed to be his business agent) wrote to him from Moscow, that a certain individual was soon to be married to a young and beautiful girl.

"You guess," said Silvio, "who the certain individual is. I am starting for Moscow. We shall see whether he will be as indifferent now as he was some time ago, when in presence of death he ate cherries!"

* * * * * *

Many years passed, and family circumstances obliged me to settle in the poor little village of N.

Four versts from my place was a large estate belonging to Count B., but the steward alone lived there. The countess had visited her domain once only, just after her marriage, and she then only lived there about a month.

However, in the second spring of my retirement there was a report that the countess, with her husband, would come to spend the summer on her estate, and they arrived at the beginning of June.

The first Sunday after her arrival I went to the village and presented myself to the count and countess as their near neighbor and humble servant.

The doors opened, and a man, about thirty-two and very handsome, entered the apartment. I tried to be self possessed, and began to introduce myself, but he forestalled me.

His easy and agreeable conversation soon dissipated my nervous timidity.

I was already passing into my usual manner when suddenly the countess entered and I became more confused than ever. She was indeed beautiful.

The count presented me. I was anxious to appear at ease, but the more I tried to assume an air of restraint the more awkward I felt myself becoming.

Meanwhile I walked about the room examining the books and pictures.

In pictures I am no connoisseur, but one of the count's attracted my particular notice. It represented a view of Switzerland. I was not, however, struck by the painting, but by the fact that it was shot through by two bullets, one planted just on top of the other.

"A good shot," I remarked, turning to the count.

"Yes," he replied; "a very remarkable shot."

"The best shot I ever knew used to shoot every day," I said, "and at least three times every day before dinner."

"And what sort of a shot was he?" asked the count.

"This sort, count; if he saw a fly settle on the wall—you smile, countess, but I assure you it is a fact—when he saw the fly he would call out, 'Kouska, my pistol!' Kouska brought him the loaded pistol. A crack, and the fly was crushed into the wall!"

"And what was his name?"

"Silvio was his name."

"Silvio!" exclaimed the count, starting from his seat. "You knew Silvio?"

"How could I fail to know him? We were comrades; he was received at our mess like a brother officer. It is now about five years since I last had tidings of him. Then you, count, also knew him?"

"I knew him very well. Did he never tell you of one very extraordinary incident in his life?"

"Do you mean the slap in the face, count, that he received from a blackguard at a ball?"

"He did not tell you the name of this blackguard?"

"No, count, he did not. Forgive me," I added, guessing the truth, "forgive me—I did not—could it really have been you?"

"It was myself," replied the count, greatly agitated, "and the shots in the picture are a memento of our last meeting."

"Oh, my dear," said the countess, "for God's sake do not relate it! It frightens me to think of it."

"No," replied the count; "I must tell him all. He knows how I insulted his friend. He shall also know how Silvio revenged himself."

The count pushed a chair toward me, and with the liveliest interest I listened to the following story:

"Five years ago," began the count, "I got married. The honeymoon I spent here in this village. To this house I am indebted for the happiest moments of my life and for one of its saddest remembrances.

"One afternoon we went out riding together. My wife's horse became restive. She was frightened, got off the horse, handed the reins over to me and walked home.

"I rode on before her. In the yard I saw a traveling carriage, and I was told that in my study sat a man who would not give his name, but simply said that he wanted to see me on business.

"I entered the study and saw in the darkness a man, dusty and unshaven. He stood there by the fireplace. I approached him, trying to recollect his face.

"'You don't remember me, count?' he said in a tremulous voice.

"'Silvio!' I cried, and I confess I felt that my hair was standing on end.

"'Exactly so,' he added. 'You owe me a shot; I have come to claim it. Are you ready?' A pistol protruded from his side pocket.

"I measured twelve paces, and stood there in that corner, begging him to fire quickly, before my wife came in.

"He hesitated and asked for a light. Candles were brought in. I locked the doors, gave orders that no one should enter, and again called upon him to fire. He took out his pistol and aimed.

"I counted the seconds. I thought of her. A terrible moment passed! Then Silvio lowered his hand.

"'I only regret,' he said, 'that the pistol is not loaded with cherry stones. My bullet is heavy; and it always seems to me that an affair of this kind is not a duel, but a murder.

"'I am not accustomed to aim at unarmed men. Let us begin again from the beginning. Let us cast lots as to who shall fire first.'

"My head went round. I think I objected. Finally, however, we loaded another pistol and rolled up two pieces of paper. These he placed inside his cap; the one through which, at our first meeting, I had put the bullet. I again drew the lucky number.

"'Count, you have the devil's luck,' he said, with a smile which I shall never forget.

"I don't know what I was about, or how it happened that he succeeded in inducing me. But I fired and hit that picture."

The count pointed with his finger to the picture with the shot marks. His face had become red with agitation. The countess was whiter than her own handkerchief, and I could not restrain an exclamation.

"I fired," continued the count, "and, thank heaven, missed. Then Silvio—at this moment he was really terrible—then Silvio raised his pistol to take aim at me.

"Suddenly the door flew open; Masha rushed into the room. She threw herself upon my neck with a loud shriek. Her presence restored to me all my courage.

"'My dear,' I said to her, 'don't you see that we are only joking? How frightened you look. Go and drink a glass of water and then come back; I will introduce you to an old friend and comrade.'

"Masha was still in doubt. 'Tell me, is my husband speaking the truth?' she asked, turning to the terrible Silvio; 'is it true that you are only joking?'

"'He is always joking, countess,' Silvio replied. 'He once in a joke gave me a slap in the face; in joke he put a bullet through this cap while I was wearing it, and in joke, too, he missed me when he fired just now. And now I have a fancy for a joke.' With these words he raised his pistol as if to shoot me down before her eyes.

"Masha threw herself at his feet.

"'Rise, Masha! For shame!' I cried in my passion; 'and you, sir, cease to amuse yourself at the expense of an unhappy woman. Will you fire or not?'

"'I will not,' replied Silvio. 'I am satisfied. I have witnessed your agitation, your terror. I forced you to fire at me. That is enough; you will remember me. I leave you to your conscience.'

"He was now about to go. But he stopped at the door, looked round at the picture which my shot had passed through, fired at it almost without taking aim and disappeared.

"My wife had sunk down fainting. The servants had not ventured to stop Silvio, whom they looked upon with terror. He passed out to the steps, called his coachman, and before I could collect myself drove off."

The count was silent. I had now heard the end of the story of which the beginning had long before surprised me.

The hero of it I never saw again. I heard, however, that Silvio, during the rising of Alexander Ipsilanti, commanded a detachment of insurgents and was killed in action.—Translated from the Russian of Alexander Pushkin, Boston Globe.

How to Eat Bananas at the Table.

Bananas ought never to be peeled entirely and the skinned fruit taken in the fingers. This is not nice at all. It is admissible to peel the fruit gradually, eating it as it is peeled; it is better, in this case, to nearly sever the mouthful with the fruit knife before attempting the bite, as it is never elegant to leave the print of the teeth in any article of food. Very dainty folk, however, object even to this way of eating the fruit, as after one or two mouthfuls the skin hangs over the hand in an undesirable way. Such prefer to cut the banana through longitudinally, skin and all, and then with spoon or fork, preferably the former, take out small portions at a time.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Ride and Tie.

"Ride and tie" is an old Salem saying. Two men would start out on a journey with one horse. One would ride a specified distance, then, dismounting and tying the horse, he would walk on to the next changing place, where he would find the horse tied and waiting for him, having been ridden there by the man who started out afoot. And so the whole distance would be traversed, each one riding and walking in turn. The item "Ride and tie and go to Boston" is found in an old account book, at a charge of "four and sixpence."—Boston Transcript.

POLITICAL PARASITES.

THE "STRIKER," THE "WHEELER" AND THE "HEELER."

Descriptive Nouns That Most Local Statesmen in Big Cities Understand. Distinctive Peculiarities of Each Variety—Above Them Is the Voter.

The vocabulary of politicians is not frequently enriched by additions of any very striking sort, for the reason, very probably, that local leaders are much more likely to quote the expressive phraseology of others than to originate any of their own. So when in giving his testimony at one of the boodle trials, Alderman Michael Duffy, known prior to that as "the mayor of Harlem," used the term "a combine"—with the accent on the com—to describe a corrupt alliance between public officials having legislate powers, he added something to the politicians' vocabulary and the term has endured, in frequent use, since. There are, however, some nouns of description which all local politicians understand, even if no one else does. Here are a few:

A "striker" is a full fledged or would be elector who seeks some pecuniary return as the condition of giving his support to a candidate or party. The basis of his demand is that if his terms are refused he will work for the other side. Usually the "strike" is sugar coated; under guise of ball, picnic or excursion tickets offered for sale just before election, or of the membership of a target company or a social club, or a subscription for an alleged destitute person, or a chance at a raffle. The distinctive peculiarity of the striker is that he is without power or influence. He deceives only the weak kneed or uninitiated. Strikers, like wolves, usually go in pairs—never alone.

A "wheeler" is, in politicians' parlance, an elector whose identification with a party is due to pecuniary reasons and wholly disconnected with any principle. The "wheeler" is a grade above the "striker," because he has usually some influence, and those who pay him get, therefore, some return, whereas in the case of the "striker" they are, to use a Bowery phrase, "flat bunkoed." The "wheeler" does not remain on the same side of the political house two years in succession, lest through close identification with it he might come to be regarded as a regular member, and thus out of reckoning as a purchasable agent.

A "rooter" is a follower of a party or candidate on behalf of whom or which his loyalty and enthusiasm is shown whenever required. He gives and can give no reason for his support other than the fact that he is with his champion "through thick and thin." He holds usually some small place and there is no discount upon his effusive devotion, extending, as it does at times, to deeds of violence and even to those of a criminal character. The "rooter" does what he is told and does it with great energy and in a loud tone of voice.

THE "HEELER'S" FORMER BUSINESS.

A "capper" in the field of politics is the subsidized eulogist of a local statesman who is rich in means but spare in fame. The chief duty of the "capper" is to retail in touching accents and in forcible and picturesque language the kindly and beneficent actions of his chief. He gets for this a regular weekly salary, and his ordinary formula in a crowded barroom or on a street corner is about this: "You all think that the old man is mean, small, selfish and only looking out for himself. You never made a bigger mistake in your life. Why, in my presence, only this morning, I saw him distribute $300 among a score of poor persons, asking only of each of them one thing, that they would never mention it to a living soul. I suppose he will be dead sore at me if he hears that I have told this, but I've got to stand up for what is just and right, even if it is my ruin."

A "heeler" is the follower and attendant of some boss or subchieftain whom he accompanies on all missions or excursions of peril or importance. He is not enthusiastic like the "rooter" and has none of the intellectual accomplishments of the "capper," but he is invariably on hand when needed for a convention, a primary or an outing, and no instance is known of a "heeler" enjoying anything but the most robust health on election day, even though on other occasions his infirmities should be as many and as complex as others of the average of humanity. In the old days of repeating and ballot box stuffing, before a registry law was enacted, the prime duty of the "heeler" was to vote early and often.

ABOVE THEM ALL, THE VOTER.

A "hooker" is a constitutionally impecunious person, who believes that the living which the world owes him, and which the world withholds, can and should be secured in the troubled fields of politics. He regards, therefore, every candidate, leader, ward worker and municipal statesman as his debtor, and loses no opportunity to enforce small loans ranging in amount from a dime to a dollar. He uses no threats like the "striker," and makes no promises like the "wheeler," but regards himself as a privileged character and the candidate as his appropriate prey. It not infrequently happens that one of the results of the "hooker's" persistence is his failure to register, the consequence of which neglect is that he is unable to vote, and thus all the financial aid and comfort given him is entirely thrown away.

The list of personages indigenous, as it were, to the field of local politics might be still further extended, but when the "striker," the "wheeler," the "rooter," the "capper," the "heeler" and the "hooker" have been told about, the subject in its plainer aspect has been very nearly exhausted. For above all these is the one man whose influence outweighs all the others—the voter who, and who only, determines elections, approves or rejects movements and policies, indorses or rebukes the action of the public servants, and maintains intact and entire the system of representative, popular government, which the others named would threaten if they had the power to assail it.—New York World.

His Sight Was Telescopic.

The official of a leading railway company tells a good story about one of the engine drivers of his line. The engine driver was growing old, and frequent reports were made to the directors that his eyesight was not as good as it should be. This the old man stoutly denied, but nevertheless there is every reason to believe that his eyes were getting a trifle dim. However, he stoutly maintained that his eyes were not only strong, but phenomenally strong, and that these criticisms were made by jealous fellow engine drivers.

The test for eyesight on that line was made by a doctor who lived in a house facing a large common. When he wished to test the men's eyes he used to say, "Look over there and see what you can see." This fact had got known to the employees of the railway, and when the old engine driver was going to be examined he arranged with his son that he should take his bicycle about half a mile across the common and stoop down and oil it.

In due course the old engine driver was led to the window and the doctor said, as usual, "What can you see?"

The old man peered out and said:

"Well, I see a young man stooping down beside a bicycle."

"Do you?" replied the doctor; "I cannot see anything at all."

"Gammon!" said the engine driver; "can't you see it? Why, he's oiling it."

On this the doctor took up a pair of field glasses on the table and looking out behind quite plainly saw a young man stooping down oiling his bicycle.

"Magnificent sight!" he said; "magnificent!" and to this day the engine driver is taking his forty shillings a week with striking regularity.—Exchange.

How a Man Acts in a Woman's Company.

"My office is nearly opposite a popular down town restaurant, the upper floor of which is reserved for ladies or gentlemen accompanied by ladies," said a young aspirant for legal honors the other day at the Lawyers' club.

"The view from my window, however, allows me to see only one person seated at any of the three tables near the window, and that fact has enabled me to have lots of fun, and at the same time gives me a first rate chance to study my fellow man in the presence of a girl of whom he thinks enough to invite her out to luncheon.

"In a fortnight I got so I could tell in a moment whether any man of whom I could catch a glimpse at a table had as his vis-a-vis another man or a woman.

"How did I do it? Oh, it was easily enough divined. If there were two men the one I could see would act perfectly naturally. But if there were a woman on the other side of the table things were very much changed. The fellow in my view would conduct himself entirely differently from the one with his chum along. His interest in the curl of his mustache would be increased tenfold, and every now and then he would suspend operations in the eating line to cast a killing look at his fair companion.

"In fact, under such conditions, I found that the whole manner and pose of nine men out of ten became at once absurdly unnatural and self conscious, and their efforts to please, from my point of view, invariably became most amusing."—New York Herald.

Doctrine of Malthus and the Food Supply.

The doctrine of Malthus regarding the future food supply of the world and the ultimate starvation of a portion of the race has been greatly misrepresented, but even the most favorable interpretation is a gloomy one. Briefly stated, the theory is that population increases in a geometrical and food supply in an arithmetical ratio; and hence the time must come when there will not be food enough. Perhaps the simplest and most correct reply to this theory is that the assumption that the race increases and will continue to increase in geometrical ratio is not borne out by observed facts. The theory that the food supply increases in only arithmetical ratio, and must ultimately reach its limit, is doubtless nearer the truth. But while there is a limit to the possible production of food, it transcends all the ideas that ever occurred to Malthus or to the people of his time.

It has always been assumed that the capacity of the soil to produce plants is measured by what is popularly called its fertility—that is to say, the amount of production possible under ordinary conditions of culture. The science of today, however, shows this measure to be incorrect, and the practice of agriculture is already beginning to add its testimony to the same effect. And remarkable as is the story told in market gardening, in the reclaiming of the desert and in irrigation, it is only the first chapter of a tale the already attested wonders of which almost rival those of the "Arabian Nights."—Professor Atwater in Century.

Tanning Hides.

Of late years there has been much talk of tanning hides by electricity, and several methods have been tried, but with indifferent success. There is no doubt, however, but that electricity does greatly aid in the tanning process. In the old days of tanning, the hides, after being dehaired and made ready, were placed in the tan vats, and there allowed to remain untouched and undisturbed for from nine to twelve months, and in some cases even longer, until the tannin in the liquors, thoroughly uniting with the hides, had converted them into leather. But after a time it was discovered that by putting the hides into a revolving wheel or drum, which had first been partially filled with the tan liquors, the time necessary to convert them into leather was greatly shortened.—New York Advertiser.

Dressed in Style.

Stage Robber—Hold up y'r hands!

Scared Passengers—Yes, yes, yes, of course.

Robber (gallantly)—Beg pardon, lady; you needn't hold yours up. Put 'em down again.

Lady—My hands are not up. Those are my shoulder puffs.—New York Weekly.

HOW THE ESKIMOS LIVE.

They Are Uncivilized, but They Can Give Points to Many a Civilian.

A very pleasant and openhearted people are these Cape York Eskimos. One would expect to find them gloomy and unhappy, like the icy fastnesses of their native Greenland. Their frame of mind, on the contrary, is very different. When they first sighted the Kite from their hillside tents they gave her a joyous greeting. "Kymo! Kymo!" or something resembling that word, they shouted in hearty tones. They seemed to have no fear that the visit of strangers boded them ill.

All the time aboard the ship they were smiling and laughing. These people have never had any Christian teachings, and almost the only white men they ever see are the whalers. Yet they are scrupulously honest. In trading with them members of the expedition passed around among them needles, knives and many articles as precious to them as diamonds to an American. Everything was returned.

All the men aboard the ship who had been whaling declared that no Yak had ever been known to take anything that was not his. The whole forty-eight people swarmed over the vessel for two days and not a single article was missed.

It was very different in the Danish settlements There everything was tied up or stowed below as soon as any Eskimo came aboard.

There was only one thing that could have been construed into theft at Cape York. A Yak walked into the cook's galley and grabbed a piece of bacon from the pan and devoured it. In their settlements, however, the food appeared to be common property—a rule which may prevail during prosperity. It was noticed that they brought aboard birds and blubber for sustenance while they remained on the ship, but it did not seem to be the exclusive property of any one. Whoever was hungry helped himself.

Looking at these Eskimos, who are entirely beyond the influence of civilization, who live, as one might say, "on their own hook," one is tempted to ask whether the Danish rule is such a beneficent thing for the Greenlanders farther south. There does not seem to be so much happiness in the latter quarter. The only advantage possessed by the Danish Eskimo is that he has a better market for his goods. A few hundred years of civilization have not done much else for him, except to give him a liberal strain of European blood.

What these Cape York Eskimos need in a material way is wood, and perhaps guns and powder. Civilization can do little else for them. No signs of a rebellion could be seen, but they evidently have traditions, superstitions, and perhaps a god, for all their affairs are well regulated.

In the mob of forty-eight people, all bargaining, there was no instance of an Eskimo coveting any article secured by one of his fellows, nor was there a single dispute as to property. On no occasion, as far as seen, did any Eskimo lose his or her temper.

The husband and wife seemed to have separate property. All was not owned by the man. Sometimes a wife went ashore to get fresh articles of trade belonging to her husband, but on her return she would never part with them, however tempting an offer was made, until she consulted him. Her own possessions, however, such as bone needles, thimbles, necklaces, etc., she sold without consulting him. The bargaining of the children for their toys was not interfered with in the least by the old people.

The couples are very fond of each other and are tremendously proud of their children.—Boston Herald.

Improvements in Leather.

As early as 1823 an English tanner conceived the idea of forcing the tan liquors into the hides by hydrostatic pressure. By this method he greatly lessened the time of tanning; and, as he used a frame on which the hides had to be tacked before being put into the wheel, and as the hides had to be cut to fit these frames, thus causing considerable waste and damage, the process was abandoned.

It is hardly to be doubted, however, that with the spirit of push and enterprise now manifested by those engaged in the manufacture of leather the future will see wonderful improvements in this important industry, and that science and electricity will make it possible to convert hides into leather in as many hours as it now takes days. If this is done at all the shoe consuming public need have no fears that it will be accomplished at the expense of the excellency of the material which goes into its footwear, while tanners themselves can rejoice in the fact that they, being able to turn their money several times a year, can make both better and cheaper leather than ever before.—New York Advertiser.

Jelly from Elephants' Tusks.

How many people have ever eaten jelly made from elephants' tusks? Yet it is very good, indeed. In the English factories where many tons of ivory are sawn up annually to make handles for knives and forks, great quantities of ivory dust are obtained. This dust is sold at the rate of sixpence a pound, and when properly boiled and prepared it makes the finest, purest and most nutricious animal jelly known. Years ago ivory jelly was a very fashionable remedy and much sought after.—Washington Star.

Why Boy Choirs Are Preferred.

There are several reasons why the old style quartette should have been replaced by the boy choir. Under the old system the singers often misbehaved; they took no interest in the church service, and I have known cases where they occupied their spare time during the service reading novels and newspapers. Then, again, the solo singers were extremely independent; they used to take most unwarrantable liberties with the service and were not at all amenable to discipline.—Interview in New York Epoch.

A POLICEMAN IN A WILD COUNTRY.

How Jack Kirkup, of Sproat's Landing, Put a Desperado Out of Town.

There was only one policeman to enforce the law in a territory the size of Rhode Island. He was quite as remarkable in his way as any other development of that embryotic civilization. His name was Jack Kirkup, and all who knew him spoke of him as being physically the most superb example of manhood in the Dominion. Six feet and three inches in height, with the chest, neck and limbs of a giant, his 300 pounds of weight were so exactly his complement as to give him the symmetry of an Apollo. He was good looking, with the beauty of a round faced, good natured boy, and his thick hair fell in a cluster of ringlets over his forehead and upon his neck.

No knight of Arthur's circle can have been more picturesque a figure in the forest than this Jack. He was as neat as a dandy. He wore high boots and corduroy knickerbockers, a flannel shirt and a sack coat, and rode his big bay horse with the ease and grace of a Skobeleff. He smoked like a fire of green brush. In a dozen years he had slept more frequently in the open air upon pebble beds or in trenches in the snow, than upon ordinary bedding, and he exhibited, in his graceful movements, his sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, his massive frame and his imperturbable good nature, a degree of health and vigor that would seem insolent to the average New Yorker.

Now that the railroad was building he kept ever on the trail, along what was called "the right of way"—going from camp to camp to "jump" peddlers and gamblers and to quell disorder—except on pay day, once a month, when he staid at Sproat's Landing.

The echoes of his fearless behavior and lively adventures rang in every gathering. The general tenor of the stories was to the effect that he usually gave one warning to evil doers, and if they did not heed that he "cleaned them out." He carried a revolver, but never had used it. Even when the most notorious gambler on our border had crossed over into Jack's bailiwick the policeman depended upon his fists. He had met the gambler and had "advised" him to take the cars next day. The gambler, in reply, had suggested that both would get along more quietly if each minded his own affairs, whereupon Kirkup had said, "You hear me; take the cars out of here tomorrow." The little community (it was Donald, B. C., a very rough place at the time) held its breathing for twenty-four hours, and at the approach of train time was on tiptoe with strained anxiety. At twenty minutes before the hour the policeman, amiable and easy going as ever in appearance, began a tour of the houses. It was in a tavern that he found the gambler.

"You must take the train," said he.

"You can't make me," replied the gambler.

There were no more words. In two minutes the giant was carrying the limp body of the ruffian to a wagon, in which he drove him to jail. There he washed the blood off the gambler's face and tidied his collar and scarf. From there the couple walked to the cars, where they parted amicably.

"I had to be a little rough," said Kirkup to the loungers at the station, "because he was armed like a pincushion, and I didn't want to kill him."—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

A Young Woman's Tact.

There was a pretty touch of courtesy in a Brooklyn church on a recent Sunday. After the service began some late comers, evidently strangers, were shown, other seats being occupied, to the very front pew. There were four of them and they scrupulously followed the routine of worship, rising and remaining seated, as they noticed those around them doing. At the hymn before the sermon, having stood during the singing of all the others, they rose as well. It is the custom of the congregation, however, to sit for this hymn, and the four stood alone when the first note was struck.

Only for a few seconds, for a young woman, a church member, who saw the mistake, rose to her feet to share the situation with them. An old gentleman just behind her followed suit, another at his side joined the standers, and in less than a minute the entire congregation was on its feet, put there by the quick tact of one young woman. And the strangers never knew they had blundered.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

An English Soldier's Record.

Lord Wolseley, since his nineteenth year, has served in nearly every important military expedition in which British valor has engaged. He served in the second Burmese war as an ensign. As a lieutenant he served in the Crimea and was twice wounded. Attaining a captain's rank, he served in India and received a brevet majority. In 1860 he became a lieutenant colonel and served in the China war, while in 1862–70, as colonel, he served in Canada. As major general he commanded the troops in the Ashantee war, 1873–4; and as lieutenant general, in 1879, in the south African war. In 1882 he served in Egypt, and in 1884–5 commanded in the Soudan campaigns. He received £25,000 for services in Ashantee and £20,000 for Egypt. In October, 1890, he became commander in chief of the army in Ireland.—London Tit-Bits.

She Broke the Rule.

Not all American ladies are docile. Some years ago we used to be permitted to take ladies into the Home library, but the rule was strict that they must not be allowed to sit down there. I once escorted a young American married woman through the various rooms of the library, and I mentioned to her, as a matter of more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there. "Is that really a law of the place?" she asked, with wide open and innocent eyes. "The very law," I answered. "Then," said she calmly, "just see me break it!" and she drew a chair and resolutely sat down at the table.—Justin McCarthy's Letter.

THE BEST

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is to purify
the blood
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It vitalizes
and enriches
the life-current, and
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strong.

Has Cured Others

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 5, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2926 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Fagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Carolina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 833 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 55 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 9434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor. Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 821 N. Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m. 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st, G B Brocken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Tweatieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3622 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 171 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 369 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J E Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnis, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4435 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Taliman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Asheden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 351 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 3 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Paxel, C R, 383 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrandt, F S; Henry Schuitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 3 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Houden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 941 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 8 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 156 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmera, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellea, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P H Hickey, C R, 1429 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaeques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesfy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 56 State-st, at 3 p. m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Frank T. Conroy.
County Financial Secretary, W. E. Graham 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

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Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1006 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; Jas Duffy, Rec. Sec., 31 Wright-st; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 210 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Ftrell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

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Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 378 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Engelman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. K. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2962 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall. Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendervast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 61 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Tre James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Hensly; Treas., F. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., st. Lot'us, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3902 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell. Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 837 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, J ohn Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3318 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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THE OPINIONS OF EMINENT MEDICAL MEN.

From the London Medical Times and Gazette, and Other Journals.

Direct Treatment in Chronic Diseases of the Lungs.

As has again and again been proven by actual experiment on the lower animals, and on man, the mucous membrane of the respiratory organs has a much greater capacity for absorption than that of the stomach, than which it is much more delicate, and for articles not desirable to be exposed to the solvent principle of the gastric juice, inhalation is at least as advantageous a mode, in many instances, for the administration of appropriate remedies, as the skin or connective tissue. The material inhaled comes directly in close juxtaposition to the blood while in its most vital state, and is thus more promptly and more thoroughly ab-

BY SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M. D., F. R. S.
Medical Director of the London Hospital for the Treatment of Diseases of the Nose, Throat and Chest.

sorbed into the tide of the circulation than when it traverses part of the venous circuit before exposure to the inspiratory effort. It is often advantageous, too, that nothing shall interfere directly with the digestive functions.

The promptness with which the respiratory mucous membrane absorbs is well shown in the action of general anæsthetics, and he who is skeptical as regards the facility with which other articles of the materia medica are absorbed, can perform upon himself the experiment of taking a certain amount of a narcotic by the stomach, and at another time, under similar conditions of body as well as may be, inhaling a similar amount of the same narcotic in solution, by some of the methods described in the pages of this volume, and, unless he be the subject of some idiosyncrasy, the truth of the matter may safely rest upon his own verdict as to the resulting sensations.

From what has already preceded it is evident that the inhalation of remedies can be utilized in the alleviation and cure of disease. I have employed Dr. O. Baxter Howe's ingeniously constructed apparatus by the aid of which any suitable remedy can be applied directly to any part of the respiratory tract, it presents us with a means of affecting the system by absorption, without compromising the digestive power of the alimentary canal, or interferring with them, for the mucous membrane of the air passages is much quicker to absorb than that of the stomach. Then, too, the attenuated form in which the remedy is presented secures a subdivision of labor, as it were, on the part of the absorbent vessels, so that an effect more prompt and sustained may be produced than when the remedy is presented in bulk, and thus subjected to gradual ingestion. Finally, the absence of a digestive process secures the absorption of the remedy in the chemical form in which it is exhibited.

It will be seen in the sequel that the powers of absorption of the pulmonic mucous membrane have been utilized for systematic medication in instances where idiosyncrasy or disease has prevented the administration of remedies by the usual avenue.

J. C. Bergeon, M. D., Medical Director of the New York Hospital for the treatment of diseases of the Nose, Throat and Lungs, says:

"Since the introduction of direct treatment by means of the Howe apparatus, into the New York Hospital, I have noticed a marked increase in the number of cases cured. In my opinion, the old methods of practice in respiratory diseases must inevitably give way to this new and successful method."

Professor Huges Burnett, M. D., Edinburg, Scotland, says:

"No plan of treatment yet proposed can be depended on in case of consumption, but as a preventive Direct Treatment will cut short many diseases which inevitably lead to tuberculosis if allowed to run unheeded."

Prof. Charles Scudamore, M. D., F. R. S., of N. Y., says: "Everyone must admit the great reason there is for leaving the beaten path in the treatment of pulmonary diseases, direct treatment is no longer an experiment but a grand success."

Prof. Hyde Slater, of London, England, says: "The direct application of medicine to the diseased surface of the air passages has all the advantages of local treatment, its concentration, its manageableness and rapidity of results."

Prof. John Sweet, of New York, says: "Antimony, Digitalis, Iodine have all had their day, and all been cast aside. Cod Liver Oil is destined to experience the same fate; it has not, in my opinion, any influence on Consumption. It is a good nourishment—nothing more. To prevent the fatality of the disease, preventive measures must be resorted to, while the disease is yet a simple Catarrah of either of the first three divisions of the respiratory organs. Direct Treatment by means of the Howe apparatus accomplishes this end."

Prof. Davis, of Chicago, says: "I am convinced that art has done little more than palliate the disease—speaking of Consumption—and unless diseases of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, which are but the forerunners of Consumption, are seriously regarded, and their course cut short by the use of medicine which can be administered direct in the form of vapor, the disease must go on as before, the most dreadful scourge of the world."

Sir Alexander Crichton, M. D., F. R. S., London, in a recent communication to the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of London, which was published in the London Lancet, says: "That Nasal Catarrh and Bronchitis of the chronic type can not be cured by medicines which pass through the stomach, the whole history of our art proves to us, but that it can be, and is effectually treated by the new method of Direct Application we all know; therefore, I assert that the old practice must inevitably give way to the new, as we see it is doing, slowly, yet surely."

Sir James Clark, M. D., on his work of Pulmonary Diseases, says: "The total inefficiency of all means hitherto employed (by the stomach) is sufficient incitement to us to seek for some other means of curing this class of diseases, and remedies in the form of vapor furnish the long sought for weapon of defense, in the early stages of the malady. Dr. O. Baxter Howe's ingeniously constructed apparatus supplied a long felt want in the medical profession."

Cured After Three Years of Fruitless Effort.

Mrs. R. Rusthoi, who resides at No. 231 North May street, Chicago, makes the following statement concerning her illness and final cure by the direct method: "On February 1, 1890, I first consulted Dr. O. Baxter Howe. Having been sick and under treatment with three other doctors for a little over three years, my malady caused me constant suffering, and my physicians could give me no relief, and I continually grew worse and became so reduced that my acquaintances, whom I had not seen for a year or two before, was taken ill. Me Mean was almost entirely gone, and I had a frightfully emaciated appearance. I had lost all hope as the doctors could not help me, and did not seem to be decided as to what my disease really was. In this wretched condition I called upon Dr. O. Baxter Howe, who told me that my disease was catarrh of the nose, throat, and stomach, and that I also had Chronic Bron-

MRS. R. RUSTHOI.

chitis and Neurasthenia. I had been told by so many physicians so many times before that I had Neurasthenia that I shall never forget the term, and when Dr. Howe mentioned the same thing after enumerating so long a list of other diseased conditions, I almost fainted with despair for fear that his treatment would be like what had gone before, and my destiny would be to die and end the ordeal which for three long years had been worse than a thousand tortures. But thanks to Dr. Howe and his method of treatment which was a pleasant luxury compared to the bitter and acrid doses I had been accustomed to swallowing. I am now perfectly well and feel that I owe my life to the skill of Dr. Howe. I have gained nearly 30 pounds in weight and have a perfectly healthy appearance, and am stronger and feel better than I have for many years; in short I am positive that my cure is complete since I have remained perfectly well for several months now, since I recovered my health and strength.

R. RUSTHOI,
231 N. May street, Chicago.

April 1, 1891.

ANOTHER QUICK CURE

Of Ulcerative Catarrh Within Six Weeks by Dilatation and Direct Medication.

Miss Clara Albrightsen, who resides with her parents at No. 36 Ayers court, Chicago, cured of an aggravated form of nasal catarrh, by the direct method; her mother's statement is as follows:

"Clara is 12 years of age and for three years she had been troubled terribly by a disease of the nose. She could not breathe through her nose, and the discharge of matter and blood, and the bad odor of her breath was sickening. I took her to three physicians for treatment during the three years previous to beginning with Dr. O. Baxter Howe, but the relief which she got, only lasted a little while, then she would be as bad as before or worse. I had become discouraged, and lost

MISS CLARA ALBRIGHTSEN.

all hope of her being cured yet I could not help trying all the time to find some relief for her, for she suffered so much. I had heard of Dr. Howe and his new treatment, but did not go to consult him, though I had often thought of doing so, until a neighbor called and told me that he had cured her sister's little girl of the same disease and bronchitis; then I took Clara to him the same day, and in six weeks she was cured completely and has remained well ever since, which is over a year."

Alive and Well.

The above portrait is a fair representation of Master Willie Hall, the well-known elocutionist, who resides with his parents at No. 147 Park avenue. Master Willie, at the age of 9 years, entered upon his public career, the most brilliant and talented elocutionist of his age who has thus far adorned the American Rostrum. He traveled in company with his father, giving exhibitions of his marvelous talents in almost every large city in the union. His future up to the month of December, 1887, was one of great promise. Willie was everywhere applauded and his services were always in demand, hence as a result of the inclemencies of the weather and exposure while making a circuit of the Western States little Willie was stricken down with pneumonia, from which he narrowly escaped death. Since that time Willie had been regarded as a hopeless in-

MASTER WILLIE HALL.

valid, spending the greater part of the time with his father in California under the care of skillful physicians and trained nurses, but he got no permanent help from anything which was done for him during his sojourn on the Pacific coast. Mr. Hall makes the following statement: "On the 3d of December, 1888, I had spent one year in constant attendance upon my sick boy, and could only realize that he was continually failing. The best physicians, both in the east and west, had in turn been called to his aid, but at no time was he benefitted by their skill. Finally, when all hope was gone, and I felt that death was certain to end the ordeal in a short time, I quit California where I had spent several months with Willie, and returned to Chicago with my precious charge, in the belief that nothing else remained to be done, as the doctors had all given him up to die of consumption. On my return I heard of Dr. O. Baxter Howe's new method of treating diseases of the air passages, and determined to try once more, and thanks be to Providence which directed my footsteps home. As a result of his treatment my boy was restored to perfect health in less than three months, and is to-day a living monument of Dr. Howe's successful method and skill in treating diseases of the air passages by applying the medicines direct to the diseased organs. Willie has gained twenty-nine pounds in weight, and is now feeling as well as ever before in his life."

Catarrh and Bronchitis.

Mr. Charles J. E. Klida, who resides at No. 236 Townsend street, Chicago, makes the following statement:

"For several years I was afflicted with nasal catarrh which stopped my nose so I could not breathe through my nostrils and affected my voice badly; finally it settled down into my throat and for the last two years my lungs were also affected with bronchitis which caused me to cough a great deal and gave me a good deal of pain in my chest and my back between the shoulders and caused me to lose flesh constantly until I was so weak that I could not stand any hard work, and much of the time I could not follow my business which is that of a custom tailor. I was under treatment of several good physicians I had lost hope and believed I was going to die of consumption, for my cough and the matter I raised was terrible up to the time I began treatment with Dr. O. Baxter Howe. I got no help from any medicine I had used and I had spent hundreds of dollars already. But soon after I took the first treatment, I began to feel much better. I did not cough so much and my nose began to clear and in a few weeks by the treatment I received from Dr. Howe, by means of his machinery I was completely cured, and I am gaining flesh, eating good and feel stronger and better than I have for many years. I am sure I would never been cured by medicine to be taken into the stomach, for I had tried very many different kinds from many good doctors whom I know are good for many sicknesses, so I must say that I am very thankful to Dr. Howe for the great good he has done for me and I can strongly recommend him in such sickness as catarrh and bronchitis, such as I have at last found a cure for in his mode of using medicines on the place where the disease sits."

Incipient Consumption Cured.

Mr. August Johnson, who resides at No. 908 North Western avenue, Chicago, cured of Incipient Consumption by the direct method of treatment.

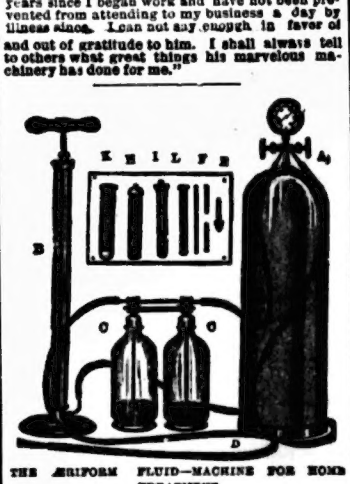
The following is Mr. Johnson's own statement: "I had been troubled with catarrh of the nose and throat for many years, which was followed by bronchitis which became chronic and caused me much trouble. I could not get any help, though I was constantly taking medicine and under the care of a physician most of the time I coughed and raised terribly, and became so thin and weak that I could not attend to my business any longer and had to give up entirely. Last September I consulted a well-known physician, for his skill in lung and throat diseases, who holds a position in a medical college, thinking he might be better in my case, but the only thing that could be done to save me from consumption, he said, was a change of climate, and that my disease was consumption in the first beginning. I took the medicine which he prescribed and as I could not manage to change climate, I did not call on the professor but once. I was soon afterward advised to see Dr. O. Baxter Howe, which I did on the 27th of December last. At that time I was much worse than I had been before; I was so far gone that I dared not go out alone and had lost all hope of being cured. Upon my first visit to his office, Dr. Howe examined me and took some of the matter which I expectorated to examine, with the promise that I could get his opinion of my condition on the following day. I was too weak and ill to go to his office the next day, but I received his opinion by mail, which told me that my disease was chronic bronchitis, sometimes called incipient consumption, and his advice to me was to begin treatment as early as possible. This gave me hope and on the following day I called at his office and took my first treatment by machinery. After the treatments had been continued for a few days, I began to feel an improvement, my cough became easy and I did not spit so much matter; my pains did not trouble me so much; the fever which came on every day and the sweating that followed at night, left me, my appetite improved and I began to gain strength and flesh fast, and at the end of three months' steady treatment I was discharged cured, and have remained perfectly well since. I am much heavier now than I was when I stopped treatment, and feel perfectly well in every respect, and work hard every day."

An Apparently Hopeless Consumptive Cured.

Mr. Herbert French, of No. 48 South Water street, makes the following strong and interesting statement in favor of the new method of treatment: "Three years ago I thought I could not live a month longer at the most. Three physicians had given me up as hopeless and called my disease consumption. I had been helplessly ill and constantly failing for over a year, and finally got so weak that I could not leave my bed nor take scarcely any nourishment. I coughed and expectorated constantly, and could not sleep on account of my cough and the severe pain which I suffered. I could not retain anything I took into my stomach and was troubled with terrible night sweats. My face was as pale as death, and my eyes were glassy and death-like. In this condition I began treating with Dr. O. Baxter Howe by his new mode of treatment and in less than four weeks I had improved so much as

MR. HERBERT FRENCH.

to be able to be up, and my appetite become good and my sleep returned; my night sweats disappeared and I changed entirely in appearance, and from that time on I continued to gain and in four months' time I was completely cured, and have remained well ever since. It has now been three years since I began work and have not been prevented from attending to my business a day by illness since. I can not say enough in favor of and out of gratitude to him. I shall always tell to others what great things his marvelous machinery has done for me."



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No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25, and for hunting case $16.50 postage and registry pre-paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hairspring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years, and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

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